CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. K. L. AND G. E. E., EDITORS

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BIBLE THEOSOPHY. NO. II.

It is apparent from what has been offered in our preceeding number that the Hebrew or Jewish theosophy possessed a strong anthropomorphic element. God not only had hands and eyes, head and feet, heart and bowels, but he, also, had a superb palace; a great and splendid throne; bright and beautiful robes of state; an incomparable retinue of servants and worshippers. And this doctrine is continued to the close of the Bible. The firmament which began in Genesis remains to the end of Revelation. God has his residence on the upper side of it. Sometimes a second and a third firmament, or heaven is recognized. Hence the expressions, 'the third heavens;' and 'far above all heavens.' These, however, may be understood as the language of *intensity;* employed not to make *distinctions* but to express *force*.

We seem to be under necessity to distinguish between *the letter* and *the spirit* of scripture. The apostle Paul recognizes this distinction, 'The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.' And in some instances it is obvious that the views of the sacred authors themselves were confined to the letter. When they spake of God as having a face, and hands, and a throne, the language was not always merely figurative. They believed that God had a face; though men could not behold it, yet angels could. 'Their angels do always behold the face of your Father who is in heaven.' God is spoken of as bowing his *head*, and as bowing, or lowering *the heavens*. 'The river of God which is full of water,' probably denotes the waters above the firmament and which, through apertures in that high built structure, supplied the rain and snow which refreshed the earth. The law of evaporation, and the constant circulation of the aqueous element, was not then understood.

The account of the creation, given in the first chapter of Genesis, is, in *the spirit* of it, true, but not in the letter. Yet there can be but little doubt, that the writer believed it to be literally correct; that the whole time was comprised in six natural days: that there were evening and morning three or four days before there was either sun or moon: that God literally rested on the seventh day; and that the firmament was a solid structure; a foundation—as the word imports—on which the sun, moon and stars have their support. But these things cannot now be admitted. The *spirit* of the account, however, is as true and important now, as its letter was once believed to be. God *did* create the heavens and the earth. They are his work; the product of his wisdom, power and goodness. But the word, *heavens*, cannot now be understood as it *was* understood, when the book of Genesis was written. There is, in reality, no such existence as *the firmament;* a strong substantial fabric; which separates the world above, from the world below. Yet the word has not become *unmeaning*. It now signifies the visible face of the sky; the atmosphere; the sun, moon, planets and the stars. *Our* heaven is spherical; *their's* was flat. Our sun is *stationary;* theirs was daily on his journey. Our earth *moves;* their's *stood still*. Yet the same ulimate facts are recognized, both by *us*, and by *them*: that the world had an origin, and a Creator: that there is *One*, who spake, and it *was*; who commanded, and the thing came to pass.

As the progress of human knowledge has annihilated the firmamental heaven, it has, of course, destroyed all its contents; its gods or angels; its river; its storehouses of hail, snow and wind; its sapphire throne; its cherubim and seraphim; its ineffable similitude of One, whose brightness outvied the splendor of the sun, whose feet were as polished brass, and whose head was encircled with a rainbow-diadem. All these are now gone. No enlightened Christian believes in their literal existence, either now or ever. But even admit that they *did* once exist; and that they *now* exist; yet, so far as God is concerned, the whole would be but *a symbol*. The glorious similitude in the firmamental sanctuary was no more *God's* in reality, than the Shekinah, in the earthly tabernacle. He existed before the firmament had a being. It was believed that He made it, and all things contained in it. Therefore, the great white Throne, with the Ancient of Days upon it, could not be the real Jehovah, but only His symbol. The symbol was local, but Jehovah inhabited eternity. The former occupied a circumscribed space; but of the latter, it was declared by Solomon, that the heaven of heavens could not contain Him.'

Though we have lost—if loss it may be called—the firmament and the gods it contained; the principalities and the powers, thrones and dominions, the rulers of the darkness of this world; spiritual wickedness in high places; yet we are dispossessed only of *the letter*, not of *the spirit* of them. We still have God, heaven, angels and temples of Jehovah. Our God is 'He who built all things,' and who liveth forever and ever; our heaven is 'righteousness peace and joy in the Holy Ghost;' our angels are the various agencies of God's creation; that tendency in nature which generates living creatures, is the angel of *life;* that which decomposes animal organization, is the angel of *death;* that which gives showers, is the angel of *rain;* that which congeals the waters, is the angel of *frost;* that which permits evil accidents to happen, is the angel of *misfortune;* that which prevents them, is the angel of *good fortune;* that which promotes bodily vigor, is the angel of *health;* that which brings disease, is the angel of *pestilence*. Those which produce bread, knowledge, storm, lightning, earthquake, are respectively, the gods of harvest, of science, of tempest, of thunder, of power and destruction. In a word, the laws of God's natural providence, are His *natural angels;* and those of His moral providence, are His *moral angels*. And these constitutional angels are as mighty, as beneficent, as near to us, as kind, as protective, as vigilant and as merciful, as those were who inhabited the firmament over our heads.

But what have we for *the firmament* itself? We have millions of other worlds as large as our earth. While the firmament existed in the imaginations of men, there were no worlds in the universe but the earth with one heavenly world above it; and one more, the infernal, below it. And they hardly accounted the last mentioned to be any world at all. A very indifferent one at the best. But now in place of the firmament, and in a manner as a compensation for it, we have the other six primary planets belonging to our solar system, furnishing a hundred fold space for habitancy more than our earth, together with countless millions of systems beyond it. Why then should we lament the loss of the firmament? Why should we so tenaciously hold on to the doctrine of those gods who had their home upon it? They would now have no home. Ought we then still to insist on their services? A good master provides a home for his servants. Where can we find a home for our tutelary angels? In the moon, the planets, the sun? The planets, doubtless, are inhabited throughout the immense universe. But we have no more reason to believe that they visit our earth, than we have to believe that their earths are visited by us.

While the firmament existed in the minds of men, it was natural that it should be *peopled*, as it was, *with different orders* of etherial beings. But with us, it has now ceased to be. And why should we perpetuate the existence of etherial angels, after their causes and occasions have ceased? We cannot have them consistent and entire, but fragmentary and mutilated. Because the doctrine of them is Scriptural? But it is no more Scriptural than the doctrine of the *firmament*. And as both doctrines came together into the world, consistency requires that they retire from it, in company. S. F.

[From the New England Puritan.]

THEOLOGY OF YALE COLLEGE.

We have no wish to revive a controversy, which seems to be happily subsiding, and evidently resulting in more sound and thorough views of Divine truth; but we wish to do justice to all concerned. The remark of the Scotch Delegate, which found its way into our paper inadvertently, charging unqualified and unmitigated Pelagianism upon Yale College, was unjust and injurious, as all parties would allow. And having admitted that, we felt bound to permit 'an officer in Yale College' to repel the charge; and we suffered him to do it in his own words, willing that our readers at home and abroad should know that, whatever erroneous speculations may have been put forth at New Haven, we consider it unjust to say unqualifiedly that those errors are Pelagianism. But 'an officer of Yale College,' in his defence, has taken positions obviously injurious to those, who have felt bound to oppose the peculiar views of New Haven—implying, that in all their efforts, they have been opposing the theology of Dr. Dwight and of the standard New England divines, and that all their efforts have been nothing but a farce. We therefore feel called upon in justice, to admit the article which follows, from a highly respectable source; and having thus heard both sides, we think it will not be needful further to extend the discussion in our paper.

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Messrs. Editors,—I have just read an article in your paper of September 27th, with the above caption, and over the signature of '*An Officer of Yale College*,' occasioned by the report of an Address of Dr. Burns, after his return from this country to Great Britain. In this Address, he is reported to have said, that 'Yale College was Pelagian in its theology, but stood high for the literary attainments of its professors. This statement, the writer pronounces 'so notoriously erroneous, that any correction of it would be superfluous, so far as this country is concerned.' He further says, 'There is not a single point in which the charge of Pelagianism, if applicable to the present theology of Yale College, is not equally applicable to the theology of Dr. Dwight. His works are before the people of the British empire, and they will judge for themselves.'

If I understand the object of these last two sentences, it is to make the impression, that there is no important difference between the present theology of Yale College, and that which was taught by Dr. Dwight; and that all which is necessary, to ascertain what theological opinions are now maintained at New Haven, is to examine his discourses.

This writer does not inform us, and I know not that the public have ever been informed, that 'the present theology of Yale College' is different from what it was ten or fifteen years ago. If there has been a change, there are many in the community who would be glad to know it. If there has not been a change, it is difficult to see why the reader should be referred to the writings of Dr. Dwight, to learn what are the present views of the theological Professors of Yale College; since they have abundantly spoken for themselves in their own writings, which are before the public. It would seem to be more in point, to refer to the Quarterly Christian Spectator, the fifth and sixth volumes of the Spirit of the Pilgrims, and sundry pamphlets put forth within the last fifteen years, by these Professors.

The 'officer of Yale College' seems to write as if it were a new and marvellous thing, that any one should be dissatisfied with the 'New Haven Theology;' and especially that any one should have the impression, that it bears any greater resemblance to Pelagianism than the theology of Dr. Dwight? But has he forgotten the long protracted controversy on this subject? Does he not know that many in this country, and among them not a few divines of distinction, have received the impression from the *published writings* of the New Haven divines, that their opinions on some points do differ widely from the opinions of Dr. Dwight, and that they more nearly resemble Pelagianism than any thing inculcated by that celebrated theologian?

No one, so far as I have known, has charged these divines with maintaining all the opinions of Pelagius. If their theology has sometimes been called Pelagian, it has doubtless been so called because, on certain points, particularly the decrees and government of God, original sin, and native depravity, it has been supposed to bear a much greater resemblance to Pelagianism than to Calvinism. It is common to denominate persons Calvinists, who are known not to receive *all* the opinions of John Calvin.

The following statement of the 'officer of Yale College,' has been read with great surprise:

'Pelagianism teaches that new-born infants are in the same situation with Adam before the fall; New Haven Theology, that they are fallen beings through his fall, depraved by nature, having within them a bias, or tendency to sin from the commencement of their existence.'

How this can be reconciled with some things which have been published by the New Haven divines, and which have not been retracted, many will find it difficult to see. It would be easy to adduce passages from their writings, in which they have been understood to maintain, most explicitly, that mankind came into the world with the same nature in kind, as that with which Adam was created, and which the child Jesus possessed; that to suppose them to possess a natural or constitutional propensity to sin, whether we consider that propensity sinful or innocent, is to make God the responsible author of sin, and to represent man as doomed to sin by a natural and fatal necessity; that infants sustain the same relation to the moral government of God, as brute animals; and that the reason why all men become sinners, is not because they possess a natural bias or propensity to sin, but because they acquire the habit of self-indulgence after they are born, and before they become moral agents. See Christian Spectator for 1829, p. 373; Spirit of the Pilgrims, vol. vi, pp. 5 and 13; Chris. Spec. for 1832, pp. 458, 459.

How can these statements be reconciled? Were Adam at his creation, and the child Jesus, fallen beings? Were they depraved by nature, having within them a bias or tendency to sin from the commencement of their existence? Are brute animals fallen beings, and do they possess a bias or tendency to sin? Do the New Haven divines maintain what, in their view, makes God the responsible author of sin?

It is well known to your correspondent, that very many in this country, who highly approve of the theological views of Dr. Dwight, for the most part, have been greatly dissatisfied with the published opinions of the present theological Professors of Yale College. If his statement is true, this dissatisfaction has been altogether without foundation; and the whole strain of his communication goes to impute to this class of individuals, (which, by the way, is a very numerous class of your readers and patrons,) a most unreasonable opposition to errors which have no existence except in their own imaginations. But these individuals do not feel themselves justly liable to this imputation, and when it is cast upon them, they claim the right to repel it.

This, Messrs. Editors, is the reason why I have penned this communication. I have no wish to revive the New Haven controversy, nor do I wish your paper to become involved in that controversy. But as you have admitted into your columns the statement of 'an officer of Yale College,' which seems to me adapted to make a false impression on the public mind, and to cast, indirectly, unmerited reproach on a numerous class of ministers and christians; and as I fear that silence will be construed into acquiescence, I have felt it my duty to trouble you with these remarks, which I hope you will do me the favor to publish.

One of Many.

CRANMER.

Thomas Cranmer was born July, 2, 1489, at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire. He was descended from an ancient family, which had long been resident in that country. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship, which he soon vacated by marriage with a young woman who is said to have been of humble condition. Within a year after his marriage he became a widower, and was immediately, by unusual favor, restored to his fellowship. In 1523, he was admitted to the degree of doctor of divinity, and appointed one of the public examiners in that faculty. Here he found an opportunity of showing the fruits of that liberal course of study which he had been for some time pursuing. As soon as his teachers left him at liberty, he had wandered from the works of the school-men to the ancient classics and the Bible; and, thus prepared for the office of examiner, he alarmed the candidates for degrees in theology by the novelty of requiring from them some knowledge of the Scriptures.

It was from this useful employment that he was called to take part in the memorable proceedings of Henry the Eighth, in the matter of his divorce from Catherine.

Henry had been counselled to lay his case before the universities, both at home and abroad. Cranmer, to whom the subject had been mentioned by Gardiner and Fox, went a step farther, and suggested that he should receive their decision as sufficient without reference to the Pope. This suggestion was communicated to the king, who, observing, with his usual elegance of expression, that the man had got the sow by the right ear, summoned Cranmer to his presence, and immediately received him into his favor and confidence.

In 1531, Cranmer accompanied the unsuccessful embassy to Rome, and in the following year was appointed ambassador to the Emperor. In August, 1532, the archbishopric of Canterbury became vacant by the death of Warham, and it was Henry's pleasure to raise Cranmer to the primacy. The latter seems to have been truly unwilling to accept his promotion; and when he found that no reluctance on his part could shake the king's resolution, he suggested a difficulty which there were no very obvious means of removing. The Archbishop must receive his investiture from the Pope, and at his consecration take an oath of fidelity to his Holiness, altogether inconsistent with another oath, taken at the same time, of allegiance to the king. All this had been done without scruple by other bishops; but Cranmer was already convinced that the Papal authority in England was a mere usurpation, and plainly told Henry that he would receive the archbishopric from him alone. Henry was not a man to be stopped by scruples of conscience of his own or others; so he consulted certain casuists, who settled the matter by suggesting that Cranmer should take the obnoxious oath, with a protest that he meant nothing by it. He yielded to the command of his sovereign and the judgment of the casuists. His protest was read by himself three times in the most public manner, and solemnly recorded. It is expedient to notice that the transaction was public, because some historians, to make a bad matter worse, still talk of a private protest.

In 1533, he pronounced sentence of divorce against the unhappy Catharine, and confirmed the marriage of the king with Ann Boleyn. He was now at leisure to contemplate all the difficulties of his situation. It is commonly said that Cranmer himself had, at this time, made but small progress in Protestantism. It is true that he yet adhered to many of the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Church; but he had reached, and firmly occupied, a position which placed him by many degrees nearer to the reformed faith than to that in which he had been educated. By recognizing the Scriptures alone as the standard of the Christian faith, he had embraced the very principle out of which Protostantism flows. It had already led him to the Protestant doctrine respecting the pardon of sin, which necessarily swept away all respect for a large portion of the machinery of Romanism. As a religious reformer, Cranmer could look for no cordial and honest support from the king. Every one knows that Henry, when he left the Pope, had no mind to estrange himself more than was necessary from the Papal Church, and that the cause of religious reformation owes no more gratitude to him, than the cause of political liberty owes to those tyrants who, for their own security, and often by very foul means, have labored to crush the power of equally tyrannical nobles. From Gardiner, who, with his party, had been most active and unscrupulous in helping the king to his divorce and destroying papal supremacy, Cranmer had nothing to expect but open or secret hostility, embittered by personal jealousy. Cromwell, indeed, was ready to go with him any lengths in reform consistent with his own safety; but a sincere reformer must have been occasionally hampered by an alliance with a worldly and unconscientious politician. The country at large was in a state of unusual excitement; but the rupture with Rome was regarded with at least as much alarm as satisfaction; and it was notorious that many, who were esteemed for their wisdom and piety, considered the position of the church to be monstrous and unnatural. The Lollards, who had been driven into concealment, but not extinguished, by centuries of persecution, and the Lutherans, wished well to Cranmer's measures of reform: but he was not equally friendly to them. They had outstripped him in the search of truth; and he was unhappily induced to sanction at least a miserable persecution of those men with whom he was afterwards to be numbered and to suffer.

His first and most pressing care was by all means to reconcile the minds of men to the assertion of the king's ecclesiasticals premacy, because all further changes must necessarily proceed from the royal authority. He then addressed himself to what seem to have been the three great objects of his official exertions—the reformation of the clerical body, so as to make their ministerial services more useful; the removal of the worst part of the prevailing superstitious observances, which were a great bar to the introduction of a more spiritual worship; and above all, the free circulation of the Scriptures among the people in their own language. In this last object he was opportunely assisted by the printing of what is called Matthews's Bible, by Grafton and Whitchurch. He procured, through the intervention of Cromwell, the king's license for the publication, and an injunction that a copy of it should be placed in every parish church. He hailed this event with unbounded joy; and to Cromwell, for the active part he took in the matter, he says, in a letter, 'This deed you shall hear of at the great day, when all things shall be opened and made manifest.'

He had hardly witnessed the partial success of the cause of Reformation, when his influence over the king, and with it the cause which he had at heart, began to decline. He had no friendly feeling for those monastic institutions which the rapacity of Henry had marked for destruction; but he knew that their revenues might, as national property, be applied advantageously to the advancement of learning and religion, and he opposed their indiscriminate transfer to the greedy hands of the sycophants of the court. This opposition gave to the more unscrupulous of the Romanists an opportunity to recover their lost ground with the king, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. They were strong enough at least to obtain from Parliament, in 1539, (of course through the good will of their despotic master,) the act of the Six Articles, not improperly called the 'Bloody Articles,' in spite of the determined opposition of Cranmer: an opposition which he refused to withdraw even at the express command of the king. Latimer and Shaxton immediately resigned their bishopries. One of the clauses of this act, relating to the marriage of priests, inflicted a severe blow even on the domestic happiness of Cranmer. In his last visit to the continent, he had taken, for his second wife, a niece of the celebrated divine Osiander. By continuing to cohabit her, he would now, by the law of the land, be guilty of felony: she was therefore sent back to her friends in Germany.

From this time till the death of Henry, in 1546, Cranmer could do little more than strive against a stream which not only thwarted his plans of further reformation, but endangered his personal safety; and he had to strive alone, for Latimer and other friends among the clergy had retired from the battle, and Cromwell had been removed from it by the hands of the executioner. He was continually assailed by open accusation and secret conspiracy. On one occasion his enemies seemed to have compassed his ruin, when Henry himself interposed and rescued him from their malice. His continued personal regard for Cranmer, after he had in a measure rejected him from his confidence, is a remarkable anomaly in the life of this extraordinary king: of whom, on a review of his whole character, we are obliged to acknowledge, that in his best days he was a heartless voluptuary, and that he had become, long before his death, a remorseless and sanguinary tyrant. It is idle to talk of the complaisance of the servant to his master, as a complete solution of the difficulty. That he was, indeed, on some occasions subservient beyond the strict line of integrity, even his friends must confess; and for the part which he condescended to act in the iniquitous divorce of Anne of Cleves, no excuse can be found but the poor one of the general servility of the times: that infamous transaction has left an indelible stain of disgrace on the Archbishop, the Parliament, and the Convocation. But Cranmer could oppose as well as comply: his conduct in the case of the Six Articles, and his noble interference in favor of Cromwell between the tiger and his prey, would seem to have been sufficient to ruin the most accommodating courtier. Perhaps Henry had discovered that Cranmer had more real attachment to his person than any of his unscrupulous agents, and he may have felt pride in protecting one who, from his unsuspicious disposition and habitual mildness, was obviously unfit, in such perilous times, to protect himself. His mildness indeed was such, that it was commonly said, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn, and you make him your friend for life.'

On the accession of Edward new commissions were issued, at the suggestion of Cranmer, to himself and the other bishops, by which they were empowered to receive again their bishopries, as though they had ceased with the demise of the crown, and to hold them during the royal pleasure. His object of course was to settle at once the question of the new king's supremacy, and the proceeding was in conformity with an opinion which at one time he undoutedly entertained, that there are no distinct orders of bishops and priests, and that the office of bishop, so far as it is distinguished from that of priests, is simply of civil origin. The government was now directed by the friends of Reformation, Cranmer himself being one of the Council of Regency; but still his course was by no means a smooth one. The unpopularity, which the conduct of the late king had brought on the cause, was even aggravated by the proceedings of its avowed friends during the short reign of his son. The example of the Protector Somerset was followed by a herd of courtiers, and not a few ecclesiasties in making reform a plea for the most shameless rapacity, rendered doubly hateful by the hypocritical pretence of religious zeal. The remonstrances of Cranmer were of course disregarded; but his powerful friends were content that, whilst they were filling their pockets, he should complete, if he could, the establishment of the reformed church. Henry had left much for the Reformers to do. Some, indeed, of the peculiar doctrines of Romanism had been modified, and some of its superstitious observances abolished. The great step gained was the general permission to read the Scriptures; and, though even that had been partially recalled, it was impossible to recall the scriptural knowledge and the spirit of inquiry to which it had given birth. With the assistance of some able divines, particularly of his friend and chaplain Ridley, afterwards Bishop of London, Cranmer was able to bring the services and discipline of the church, as well as the articles of faith, nearly to the state in which we now see them. In doing this he had to contend at once with the determined hostility of the Romanists, with dissensions in his own party, and conscientious opposition from sincere friends of the cause. In these difficult circumstances his conduct was marked generally by moderation, good judgment, and temper. But it must be acknowledged that he concurred in proceedings against some of the Romanists, especially against Gardiner, which were unfair and oppressive. In the composition of the New Service Book, as it was then generally called, and of the Articles, we know not what parts were the immediate work of Cranmer; but we have good evidence that he was the author of three of the Homilies, those of Salvation, of Faith, and of Good Works.

It should be observed, that Cranmer, though he early set out from a principle which might be expected eventually to lead him to the full extent of doctrinal reformation, made his way slowly and by careful study of the Scriptures, of which he left behind sufficient proof, to that point at which we find him in the reign of Edward. It is certain that during the greater part, if not the whole, of Henry's reign, he agreed with the Romanists in the doctrine of the corporal presence and transubstantiation.

ROMANISM.

The North American puts the following unanswerable interrogatories to Bishop Hughes and the other Papal advocates of toleration!—The Bishop and the priests are silent!

'The Roman Catholics in this country—being a minority—urge with great force and propriety, their claim to the constitutional privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

'This is all fair and correct, and no good citizen can gainsay the right. It is a right which justly belongs to every human being, in whatever quarter of the globe he may be a resident. The Roman Catholics here, seem to appreciate the right; and what I want to know is this—whether they hold the doctrine in good faith, that every other sect of christians, in every other country, is fully entitled to the same right? If they do not then they are not playing us fair: They are not for allowing to other sects, elsewhere, the right which they here claim for themselves. If they do sincerely hold that just doctrine of equal right, I then want to know why they do not exert themselves, as good christians and friends of human liberty, in procuring for their Protestant brethren, in Roman Catholic countries, the same right which they themselves here claim, and here enjoy? Have they ever done so in any country where their religion prevails?

'Have they ever tried to procure such privilege for their Protestant brethren? I have no doubt the better portion of the laity would be disposed to reciprocate the privilege which is here enjoyed: but is such the disposition of the Priesthood? Will any one of them answer these inquiries frankly and plainly? If they would like to see the same rights which they here enjoy, fully enjoyed by all sects, in all countries, why don't they manifest their love of justice by demanding of Roman Catholic rulers, every where, to imitate our example? Missionaries are daily sent to convert the heathen: why do not the Roman Priests of this country, send their Missionaries to harmonize those rulers in other lands, who refuse to tolerate Protestant worship? Can they give us a good reason for such one-side conduct? They can write vigorously in behalf of toleration here—why don't they as earnestly remonstrate with the Pope, for his unjust and illiberal treatment of Protestants? Why don't they urge and intercede for equal rights and liberty of conscience in all Roman Catholic countries? Is not the doctrine as sound and wholesome for one sect as for another? I wish Bishop Hughes would tell us all about this matter. These men can form Repeal Societies here, to effect political objects in another country—why can they not form societies to promote the repeal of unjust restrictions upon religious liberty? These and similar inquiries present themselves with much force to my mind—and I think deserves a candid reply. Can we have it? Is liberty of conscience only valuable for Roman Catholics in Protestant countries? or is it worth striving for in Roman Catholic countries? Let us understand each other fairly.—[Penn.

THE PAPAL STATES.

Affairs in Italy are in a very restless state. The Pope sits uneasily on his temporal throne, which his mismanagement has sadly undermined. To save him from falling down headlong by some violent political convulsion, the powers of Europe are requested to unite and lift him down, and take away his temporal sword. This treatment he does not seem disposed to relish, and will resist if he can. But the days of his temporal kingdom are numbered, and we hope his spiritual one too. So at least, we infer from the following from the European Times:

"Letters from Leghorn state that Austria is so well aware of the dangerous position to which the evils of pontifical misgovernment have brought the Papal States, that it has opened negotiations with the Holy See, with a view to the secularization, as far as possible of that Government. The Court of Rome resists and will continue to do so, and it is said that the Austrian Government, foreseeing this circumstance, has addressed the French Cabinet, to invite it to join with Austria, Naples, and Tuscany, to oblige the Pope to make such reforms as the safety of Italy may demand. The King of Sardinia is not included in the negotiation, from which it is supposed that he is opposed to it."

A CHAPTER ON DUELLING.

This custom is nearly allied to war. The former is, in fact, an off-shot of the latter, and rests for its support on the same passions, the same false notions of honor, and the same disregard of law and right. Both alike outrage Christianity, and common sense; and such a change in the public mind as shall abolish war, must, as a natural and inevitable result, put an end to duelling.

Duels in England. From the beginning of the reign of George III up to this time, that is, during his reign and those of George IV, William IV, and Victoria, there have been about 200 duels in England. Out of these, in three cases both of the parties were killed; and of the balance, 80 were killed, 160 were wounded desperately, 60 slightly, and the remainder escaped uninjured. It is estimated that, in duels generally, about one-fifth of those engaged are killed, and about one-half, more or less severely injured.—Out of all these 200 duels in which were engaged 400 principals, and 400 seconds, 800 in all, there have grown but twenty prosecutions of law; which 20 prosecutions have resulted in 10 acquittals, 6 convictions of manslaughter, and 4 of murder tn the first degree. Of the four persons convicted, 2 were hanged, and 2 imprisoned. Some of the names standing highest in English history have been engaged in these duels just referred to; such as the Dukes of York, Norfolk and Richmond; Lords Shelburne, Macartney, Exmouth, Townshend, Talbot, Lauderdale, Lonsdale, Malden, Camelford, Paget, Castlereagh, Belgrave, Londonderry; the Duke of Wellington, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Tierney, Sir Francis Burdett, and many others.

How the Pilgrims served Duellists. The following account of the first duel fought in New England, and the second political offence committed in the Plymouth Colony, we take from a work entitled, 'The New England Chronology.' The date of the event is June 8th, 1621.—'The second offence is the first duel fought in New England, upon a challenge to single combat with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, *servants* of Mr. Hopkins. Both being wounded, the one in the hand, the other in the thigh, they are adjudged by the whole company to have their heads and feet tied together, and so lie for twenty-four hours, without meat or drink; which is begun to be inflicted. But within an hour, because of their great pains, at their own and their master's humble request, upon promise of better carriage, they are released by the Governor.'

Trivial Causes of Duels. The following extract from 'Charles O'Malley,' will serve to show from what trifling causes duels often spring; and the same may be said of war, which is only duelling on a large scale.

"'And Boyle, did you know Sir Harry Boyle?

'To be sure I did. Shall I ever forget him, and his capital blunders, that kept me laughing the whole time I was in Ireland? I was in the house when he concluded a panegyric upon a friend, by calling him 'the father of the poor, and uncle to Lord Donoughmore.''

'He was the only man who could render by a bull what it was impossible to convey more correctly,' said Power. 'You have heard of his duel with Harry Tyler.'

'Never—let's hear it.'

'It was a bull from beginning to end. Boyle took it into his head that Harry was a person with whom he had a serious row in Cork. Harry, on the other hand, mistook Boyle for old Caples, whom he had been pursuing with horse-whipping intentions, for some months. They met in Kildare street Club, and very little colloquy satisfied them that they were right in their conjectures, each party being so eagerly ready to meet the views of the other. It never was a difficult matter to find a friend in Dublin; and, to do them justice, Irish seconds, generally speaking, are perfectly free from any imputation upon the score of good breeding. No men have less impertinent curiosity as to the cause of the quarrel; wisely supposing that the principals know their affairs best, they cautiously abstaining from indulging any prying spirit, but proceed to discharge their functions as best they may. Accordingly, Sir Harry and Dick were set, as the phrase is, at twelve paces; and, to use Boyle's own words, for I heard him relate the story—

'We blazed away, sir, for three rounds. I put two in his hat, and two in his neckcloth; his shots went all through the skirts of my coat.

'We'll spend the day here,' said Considine 'at this rate: could n't you put them closer?'

'And give us a little more time in the word,' says I.

'Exactly,' said Dick.

'Well, they moved us forward two paces, and set to loading the pistols again.'

'By this time we were so near, that we had a full opportunity to scan each other's faces; well, sir, I stared at him, and he at me.'

'What,' said I.—'Eh,' said he.

'How's this,' said I?'—'You're not Billy Caples,' said he.

'Not a bit,' said I; nor I don't think you're Arch Devine. And so it appeared we were fighting away all the morning for nothing; for some how it turned out, *it was neither of us.*'"

Duelling Stock sinking in the Market. Our correspondent in Warrenton, Abbeyville district, gave us a short time since an account of a barbecue held in honor of a military officer in that district, who had the moral courage to refuse a callenge, and to have the assailing party bound over to keep the peace. The whole proceedings have been published, and they clearly show an amazing depreciation in the public estimation of that honor which was once attached to this mode of settling private quarrels. It is now regarded as disreputable either to give or receive a challenge. Duelling stock is, therefore, not only below par, but gentlemen, who had any connection with it either as principals or seconds, are rather anxious to have that part of their private history cancelled and forgotten. [Charleston Obs.

Efforts in England for the abolition of Duelling. The efforts have of late years increased considerably; and the revengeful barbarous duel, last year, that terminated in the death of Col. Fawcett by Lieutenant Munroe, gave a fresh impulse to the cause. A very numerous meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held in London on the 4th of August, to consider and adopt a memorial to the Queen, asking her to make some decided and public manifestation of her aversion to the unchristian practice of duelling. Viscount Lifford was called to the chair, and among those present were Lord R. Grosvenor, Lord H. Cholmondely, Sir Edward Parry, three admirals, and a considerable number of army and navy officers. The memorial was read and agreed to, and a deputation appointed to present it. A vote of thanks being moved to the chairman, he stated, in returning thanks for the compliment, that the institution for the suppression of duelling already numbered 416 members, of whom 23 were noblemen, 15 sons of noblemen, 18 members of Parliament, 20 baronets, 35 admirals and generals, 32 colonels, 56 captains of the royal navy, 26 majors, 42 captains in the army, 26 lieutenants, and 28 barristers.

Result of these Efforts. In his remarks at the last anniversary of the London Peace Society, Charles Hindley, M. P., its President, said, 'We have lately in the House of Commons had a very interesting discussion respecting the propriety of duelling amongst gentlemen of honor. It has been thought that a gentleman of honor, whose character is attacked, or whose motive are impugned, has nothing left in the way of self-defence, but to call upon the person who has thus ill-treated him, to name his second, and then for both of them to proceed to Blackheath, or some other fashionable place for this engagement, and, having filled their pistols with the requisite shot, attempt to kill each other. I am happy to say, that that practice has been discountenanced by many of the leading members of Parliament. I should be still more happy, if I could say that the root of the iniquity is completely removed from society. I trust, however, this will no longer remain an imputation upon the educated people of our land.'

The agitation of the subject among the people, and in Parliament, has led to the adoption of 'more stringent regulations' in the Army and the Navy, 'for the purpose of more effectually discouraging a practice which is a violation of her Majesty's orders, and a flagrant breach of the law of the land.'

In the Army.—'Every officer who shall give or send a challenge, or who shall accept any challenge, to fight a duel with another officer, or, who being privy to an intention to fight a duel, shall not take active measures to prevent such duel, or who shall upbraid another for refusing or for not giving a challenge, or who shall reject, or advise the rejection of a reasonable proposition made for the honorable adjustment of a difference, shall be liable, if convicted before a general court-martial, to be cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as the court may award.' Articles recently issued by her Majesty's orders from the War Office, declare 'that it is suitable to the character of honorable men to apologize and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept, frankly and cordially, explanations and apologies for the same. If such redress be refused to be given, or to be accepted, and the friends of the parties have failed to reconcile the differences, a reference should, in conformity with the signification of her Majesty's pleasure in the 106th article, be made to the commanding officer on the spot, who will use his best advice and influence to reconcile the parties, and the differences having been honorably settled by the good offices and responsibility of the commanding officer, ought never to be revived by either party, or by any other officer, or body of officers; if, however, the commanding officer fail to reconcile the parties, it will become his duty to take such measures as he may deem necessary in order to prevent a duel, or to maintain good order in her Majesty's service, and the person refusing to be reconciled, will be liable to be brought to a court-martial, and, if convicted, cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as the court may award. All parties implicated in duelling are liable, on conviction before a general court-martial, to be cashiered.'

In the Navy. '1. Every officer serving on board any ship or vessel of her Majesty fleet, is hereby positively ordered neither to send nor accept a challenge to fight a duel with any other person of the fleet.

'2. Every officer of the fleet, on becoming privy to any intention of other officers to fight a duel, or having reason to believe that such is likely to occur, owing to circumstances that have come under his observation or knowledge, is hereby ordered to take every measure within his power to prevent such duel, having recourse, if necessary, to the captain or commanding officer.

'3. Every officer of the fleet is hereby ordered, in no manner or degree, to evince dissatisfaction with, or to upbraid another officer for refusing or not sending a challenge; and all officers are strictly enjoined neither to reject, nor advise the rejection of a reasonable proposition for the honorable adjustment of differences that may have unhappily occurred.

'4. Any officer of the fleet who may be called on to act as second or friend to an officer intending to fight a duel, is to consider it to be his imperative duty, and he is hereby ordered strenuously to exert himself to effect an adjustment between the adverse parties, on terms consistent with the honor of each; and should he fail, owing to the determination of the offended parties not to accept honorable terms of accommodation, he must refer to the second paragraph of this order.' [Advocate of Peace.

GLIMPSE FROM A CITY WINDOW.

Within the reach of my observation are the scenes of the daily tasks of two old men; and I venture to say that two men more unlike, or whose dissimilarity is more instructive, cannot be found within the limits of the town. They ought to belong to two hemispheres at least, if not to distinct planets. Not that I doubt the wisdom of the Providential plan that mingles diverse characters together. For if bad men, and mean men, and peevish and cold-hearted and conceited men must *be*, it is unquestionably better for them to be associated with the good, the generous, the serene, the kind and the self-forgetting, than to form a colony of conglomerated vice. Botany Bay, in a moral as well as in a commercial point of view, is a very unpromising territory. But as I look out upon these individuals, they do certainly seem to be native to opposite climates. To turn from the one to the other is like turning from a tropical garden to an iceberg.

Without knowing anything more of them than I can see with my eyes, without transgressing the bounds of *glimpses*, I hazard nothing in asserting that the whole explanation of this contrast may be stated thus:—one of them is the slave of money-getting, the other is his own freeman. If effect has anything at all to do with cause in countenances, as in other things, their faces are enough to indicate this solution. One of them is robust and strong, though somewhat old. He is healthily active. His checks are rubicund, but *not* his nose; and they shine out finely under the snowiness of his white locks. His mouth has that sort of outline that is wrought by contentment and good-nature. The wrinkles are the graceful wrinkles carved out by frequent smiles. There is nothing like stillness, not a *perpetual* smile, in his expression; but constant benevolence has left upon his looks its handwriting and seal,—the indescribable charm of a great spirit. The other is slim and stiff. His joints seem to have lost their flexibility. His motions are awkward and clumsy, as if his limbs had acquired a contempt for the will that ruled them, and had rebelled against it. His features are pinched and peaked, having just such an aspect as seems to show that he has been looking all his life at objects indefinitely small, and straining after others equally diminutive. The skin is sallow and withered. His eyes are dull, or if they are ever lighted up, it is with a twinkle that only silver and gold can excite. As to his mouth, humor has not developed a trace about it. It is a mere 'fissure in his face.' The entire frame of the man appears like a machine for counting coppers. His whole demeanor seems to say—'I had so many dollars this morning; to-night may I have so many more or die; get one of them out of my grasp, if you can.' He is a perfect Scrooge of a man,—a Scrooge such as Scrooge was at sunset, Christmas eve, not as he was at dinner, Christmas day

Look at these persons in their employments. Observe the very nature of those employments, and see how much they reveal. The first is a carpenter; the second is a pawn-broker. The carpenter chose his calling because it was something he could do; could do well; because it was honest, and might bring an honest living to himself and those he loves. For these sufficient reasons he pursues it faithfully, and therefore worthily. The pawnbroker took up his profession simply because he hoped in that way to make his paltry pile of hidden gold grow faster than by any other means. It is awful to peep in upon him in his shop, and witness how he gloats over the agony of his victims; how coolly he takes from the trembling hand of poverty the last article of furniture, the last garment but one, the precious relic, the cherished memorial, left by a dying mother, and not to be let go without scalding tears; how hard-heartedly he wrings the dear affections of human breasts, and goes through all the touching and revolting scenes of which such a place is the theatre! There he is, grave, silent, griping; no

writer almost inspired:—'All heavenly hearts are charitable. How ungratefully he slinks away who dies and does nothing to reflect a glory to heaven. The good man is the world's miracle. The good man I will worthily magnify. I too, will, if I can, do something for others and heaven, not to deserve by it, but to express my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labor to do what I can.'

Across the alley of which I have spoken are some workmen engaged in the erection of a building. There are hourly manifestations among them of a spirit that is most wholesome to be witnessed and studied. Masons, bricklayers, hod-carriers, carpenters, truckmen, all show a feeling of the heartiest good-will. For several weeks they have been within the limits of my sight and hearing, and I have not detected a single quarrel, nor a passionate word.—Each moves on in his appointed task, and no one offends his fellow-laborer. In one case a truckman did indeed abuse his horse, by whipping him cruelly. But I thought I could detect a strong lurking desire in him, for some time after, to atone for his injustice, and to render himself worthy again in the noble animal's esteem. Generally persons of that employment have an honorable pride in their teams, and often, a sincere and deserved affection for them. Between themselves these workers are conciliatory and accommodating; patient of the awkwardness of a green hand; tolerant of personal preferences in the ways of doing a thing; ready to leave their own tasks to assist or 'give a lift' to a neighbor. They greet each other with blunt but cordial salutations at sunrise; the click of the trowel and the hammer's blows seem to invigorate the spirits and enlarge the sympathies. On a particular occasion one of them was ill, but he could not afford, he was so poor, to lose a moment's pay. For several successive days his companion, an entire stranger, except as they met at their task, insisted on his going home at noon, and himself, by more strenuous exertion, and by staying later at night, filled out the measure of the day's work for both. Can a nobler example of the self-sacrifice of true charity be found, in all the showy philanthropies that are sounded and blazoned over the world? Labor is surely a blessed privilege, and not a curse upon our race. It clears the heart's atmosphere of vapors and impurities. It brightens the aspect of life. It expels brooding suspicions, and invites a manly candor and self-respect. 'Blessed is the man who has found his work.' It nurtures wholesome desires, and gives sweet rest. It affords the clearest title to respectability. Let us not scorn our roughest occupation, nor seek to hide it, nor blush to hear it spoken of. Few of us have anything half so well worth being proud of as our toil. Honored be labor, with his hard, tough hand, his sweaty brow and swollen veins and piercing eye and rigid sinews! Shame, only shame, to soft and self-indulgent idleness!—If the idler have any creed, it is that God is a phantom, and life a mistake, and humanity a lie. [Monthly Religious Magazine.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1844.

UNITARIAN PORTRAITS.

In the October number of the Democratic Review, we find an article with this title, 'Unitarian Portraits;' under which the writer, after some general and brief remarks 'on Unitarianism as a creed,' proceeds to give some pen and ink portraits of a few leading Unitarians,' selecting 'Dewey, as the representative of the pulpit; Bancroft, the American historian; Emerson, the leading philosophical writer; Brownson, the political philosopher; and Edward Everett, the man of accomplishment and elegant orator.' With the writer's personal delineations we have nothing to do, except to express our surprise that Emerson, who for several years has had no connexion with Unitarians as a religious denomination, and whose present philosopical position and principles are not the result of his faith or intellectual training as a Unitarian; and Brownson, who, everything by turns and nothing long, has written more against Unitarianism than he has for it, and whose strides towards Rome have for the last year and a half been so rapid and mighty, as to place him at this moment well nigh at the very feet of the Pope, should be made to sit for their 'portraits,' among those who are selected as representatives of the tendency and influence of Unitarianism, 'as a mere system or rather intellectual sect.'

We wish rather to say a word or two on some of the general remarks of this writer. Speaking of Unitarians, he says,—

Their congregations are composed chiefly of the better class, as to wealth and intelligence; men of sense; men of reflection. It is a sect of scholars, thinkers and moral reformers. Learning and argument are necessary to enable them to preserve anything like union; to maintain their very existence, as an independent society. This has always been the case. The wise are ever, unfortunately for the rest of the world, in a minority. They are forced to make head against a strong current of popular prejudice, for the people can never become Unitarian.—Hence, from a want of intellectual sympathy, results a great evil; the lack of moral sympathy. It is an exclusive sect; and here lies its greatest weakness, as it appears to us; it is not a religion for the ignorant and poor. You will see in their churches, very few of the wretched and miserable It is too refined a theory for them; simplified as it may be, to the scholar! The congregations consist, generally, of well-dressed, well-behaved, well-to-do men of the world, and men of business. All-complacency sits there, alas! too often, side by side, with all-coldness!

Now we do not know but the writer of this article is a Unitarian himself; he evidently implies that he has been in the habit of hearing Dr. Dewey preach. We are sorry he has not profited more by his instructions; for he is unquestionably ignorant of that which he affirms, and totally misconceives the spirit and genius of Unitarianism. It is the simplest form of Christianity. Simple not only to the scholar, but to the unlearned and wayfaring man. It is not a 'refined theory.' It has none of the deep metaphysics of Calvinism, none of the mystical phraseology of transcendentalism, none of the pompous phraseology of 'the Church.' Its distinctive doctrine, its great religious thoughts and principles can all be expressed in Scripture language, and Unitarians are the only denomination content to frame their creed in the precise words of Scripture. Unless the Bible therefore be pronounced '*too refined*' a book for the people, not sufficiently simple, Unitarianism cannot be said to be of this character. The writer says 'it is not a religion for the ignorant and poor'—'the wretched and miserable.' Does not this writer know that the idea of a ministry to the poor, missions to the outcast, the solitary, the forsaken, the suffering, the sinful, the poor in wealth, the poor in virtue, the poor in knowledge, that are scattered through the dark alleys, the narrow lanes, the garrets and cellars of a crowded city, originated with a Unitarian minister; and that Unitarians have carried out this idea, have prosecuted this work, as successfully, to say the least, as any other denomination, as is abundantly testified by the condition and results of the ministry at large in our own city, and similar institutions conducted by our brethren in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other cities both in England and in this country?

The writer says, 'all complacency sits there, alas! too often side by side, with all coldness!' Did this writer never read Dr. Channing's Sermon on the text, 'fools make a mock at sin?' Could 'all-complacency' write that Sermon? could 'all-complacency' sit and listen to it, and remain 'all-complacency still?' Sermons of that character, though not of equal force and power, are continually preached in our Unitarian pulpits, and have their fruit in bringing men to repentance and a holy life. 'All-indifference' sits there! Indifference to what? the glory of God? or the good of man, by promoting which that glory is promoted? Does not this writer know that the public charities of the city of Boston, are, at least, equal to those of any other city of equal weath and population? that there is no city where, through public institutions and various modes of operation, more is done to relieve the various forms of human want, to comfort human suffering, to enlighten human ignorance, to promote human happiness and virtue! and that these things owe often their existence, and always, no small measure of their means to Unitarians, to the wealth which their charity has devoted, to the zeal and interest they have felt and manifested in doing good? Unitarians do not people heaven with only a colony from their own sect, nor do they hold that almighty God will put beyond the pale of his mercy, and consign to endless woe,—all, Heathen, Mahommedan and Christian, who do not happen to believe with them. They have not therefore that bigoted zeal which leads some to move heaven and earth to make one proselyte. They may not be up to the true Christian standard of charity and zeal. Who is? But to describe them as 'all-complacency' and 'all-indifference' is not just. This wholesale slander of a denomination, for the sake of writing a striking sentence and making a pointed antithesis does not seem to us Christian.

There is one declaration, or at least implication, in the passsage above quoted, so anti-democratic, that we are somewhat surprised that it gained admission to the Democratic Review. The writer says that Unitarians are 'a sect of scholars, thinkers, and moral reformers,' that they are 'our most accurate men of research,' they 'number some of the very greatest names in Poesy, Philosophy, Science and Divinity;' i. e., he admits or implies that Unitarianism gathering to it such great names and strong minds, has a basis of truth, and that they who hold it, would enlighten and reform the world, and yet he says 'the people can never become Unitarian;' i. e., the people cannot be enlightened and reformed, cannot be brought to perceive, appreciate and apply the truth, that approves itself to 'men of sense, men of reflection;' they must remain ignorant and unenlightened. This does not seem to us a very democratic idea, or to imply much respect for the capacity of 'the people.'

We have felt constrained to make these remarks, while at the same time we are ready to admit the great ability of the article before us. We do not believe he intended any injustice, or that there is any bitterness or prejudice in his heart. He may have intended his notice to be complimentary. In some respects he certainly does give us high praise. But we prefer justice to compliment and in some particulars, we think the writer does not fully understand the spirit and principles of the body of which he has delineated 'portraits.'

THE 'CHRISTIAN WITNESS' AGAIN CORRECTED.

There is a charity 'which thinketh no evil,' as well as a charity which speaketh no evil; and the Editor of the Episcopal 'Witness' has again transgressed, by departing from these two forms of a Christian grace. We are sorry to be so often compelled to reply to assertions of his, which show of themselves a spirit that loves to seek out confirmations of its own prejudices, and, failing to find them, will even imagine and fabricate them.

Let our readers carefully peruse and analyse the two following paragraphs, and see how much perverseness they exhibit.

Progress in the right Direction. We hear much from the professors of 'Liberal Christianity' respecting the progress of the religious truth; but we fear this progress is for the most part in the wrong direction. It is gratifying, however, to witness occasionally among the supporters of the 'liberal' system, some indications of a movement towards more Orthodox methods of inculcating truth. Thus, in the last Christian Register, the editors discourse in this manner: 'Our Sunday school instruction ought to embrace a thorough religious education, *beginning with the simplest truths of the* Catechism, and carrying the pupil through the whole theory and practice of religion,' &c.

We have italicised the few words here which attracted our attention, and which will perhaps excite the wonder of our readers. It is certainly marvellous, that Unitarians, which from the beginning of their existence as a denomination, have condemned, and we may say reviled, all Catechisms, should now speak of their truths as the proper basis of a religious education. As we are not aware that the Unitarians have any elementary Christian manual called a Catechism, we suppose the Register in speaking of *the* Catechism must refer to that of the Episcopal Church, or of some other orthodox denomination.

We fear that our Truth would progress in the wrong direction, if it had no better judges than this Editor. He is satisfied to take a line in this paper which incidentally approves the very course pursued by us in the use of Catechisms, as if it made the suggestion that we should *begin* the use of Catechisms, though they have always been the vehicle among us for conveying religious instruction to the young. Again, the Editor says that our denomination from its very beginning has condemned and even reviled all Catechisms. We will pardon him for an assertion to which we might justly apply the very harshest epithet ever used among disputants. The Unitarians have never condemned Catechisms, but have always used them. The Editor says, *as* he is not aware that Unitarians have any Catechism, he *supposes* that we are going to adopt his, or some other orthodox one. Now we cannot hold him bound *to be aware* of our mode of teaching the young, but we do hold him bound to make no supposition about it, still more to circulate no slanders about it, till he has used the means by his side for informing himself on the subject. He ought to know enough of human nature *to be aware* that among the readers of his own paper are some, who want no better leading than he has given them, to go about with the story that Unitarians revile all Catechisms, and never would use one, and now think of adopting an orthodox one. We commend to the special attention of this Editor one of the Ten Commandments, which is very appropriate to the title of his paper.

THE GENERAL EPISCOPAL CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.

It is too frequently the case that when ecclesiastical bodies meet on the regularly appointed occasions, recurring at periodical intervals, the ingenuity of their leaders is taxed to provide interesting subjects of debate and occupation. When the formalities of organization have been gone through with, hurriedly or deliberately, the great question usually is, how shall we entertain one another or edify our constituents? But it has not been thus with the Convention of the Bishops and the Clerical and Lay delegates of the Episcopal denomination now in session at Philadelphia. With the single exception of that memorable occasion when, in the same city, the great Presbyterian denomination was sundered in twain (or rather into some half dozen fragments or parties) there has not been an ecclesiastical Convention assembled at any time in this country, in which more jarring elements were combined, before which more perplexing and troublesome questions were to be debated, or upon the results of which more important consequences depended for those concerned in it. The Christian world has not yet outgrown the delusion of believing that ecclesiastical organization is a security against, and a refuge from religious discord. Some men still insist upon seeking the protection of high fenced sectarian enclosures, as if by being more compactly penned up together, they would disagree the less. They long to enjoy the comfort of being in a fold which shall contain only one sort, and then stand amazed to find that this one sort represents all the varieties of the open world. They seek what are supposed to be the great blessings of a pledged fidelity to certain formularies and views, and then are astonished to find that they have lost their liberty of thinking as they please.

The President of the Convention, on opening the Session of Clerical and Lay-Deputies, in an excellent and well tempered address, said to his brethren, 'No allowance is made by the world for the effects of honest zeal in you. Earnestness is deemed passion. Decision is violence. Frankness has the stigma of rudeness. And devout veneration for the Church, and love of the crucified Son of God, are denounced as superstition and bigotry.' He might have added too, that manifest and essential differences of opinion, vehement and positive mutual opposition, and the selection of members of committees with reference to such differences and opposition, would be looked upon by the world as evidences of want of harmony in belief. And why does the world of lookers on thus judge? It is not because it forgets that the disputants are frail men, but because it compares such real discord with the professions of unity in belief, and of close fraternal fellowship with one another. The disputants depart from the rules of their own formation, they sunder at every point the band of union which they profess to have drawn around them. We look for peace, and behold division. They have joined one another's fellowship by free choice, and with an ardent desire to escape the trials of self-dependence and of open freedom in their religious interests. They set up high claims to the divine blessing on such a union, and to secure it they promise to forego some liberties. It is because they do all that they could do, were they not thus mutually pledged to one another, that the world judges of them that the spirit of the world is still with them. They remind us of the manner in which the early Corinthian disciples undertook to observe the Lord's Supper, when instead of sharing together the bread and wine from the common table which they recognised holy, each one brought with him his own food and drink in quality and quantity suited to his own appetite and passions, and used the place of sacred assembly for indulgences forbidden even in his own private house.

Before this Convention met, Bishop Mellvaine of Ohio solemnly pledged himself to bring before the body the matter of the late Rev. Mr. Carey's Ordination, with all the attendant and inferential heresies of Puseyism. He was determined, with all the earnestness of conviction or temper, (whichever his own brethren may choose to call it) that the great controversy of the day for Episcopacy should no longer be allowed to evade an authoritative examination. There were various ways and means by which that controversy might have come forward before the Convention. The following however, was about as dignified an introduction as Puseyism deserved.

'Mr. H. A. Dubois, of Ohio, asked for the reading of the credentials from the Diocese of Connecticut. He stated that his object in doing so, was to show that while the deputies from that Diocese had been appointed by a convention of the *Protestant Episcopal Church*, one of them, he learned, had styled himself in a printed communication a '*Presbyter of the Reformed Catholic Church.*' He had long known the deputy, and entertained the most sincere respect for him as an amiable and accomplished gentleman, but he conceived this a question of an importance which required it to be laid before the House.

The President thought the gentleman was out of order, unless his objections were to the validity of the credentials from Connecticut, and not to the fitness of the title which any individual member of the church might see fit to adopt.

Mr. Dubois appealed from the decision of the chair.'

The whole subject matter of the existing dissensions in the Episcopal denomination is now, or will be, in agitation before its highest representative body.

Very many other matters relating to the consecration of Bishops, the Theological Seminary, Missions &c. are to continue in conflicting debate, besides two very disagreeable subjects concerning a Bishop elect, and a Bishop who has resigned. Rev. Dr. Cicero S. Hawks, who was for many years the most eloquent and powerful preacher of the Episcopal persuasion in New York City, while he was minister at St. Thomas' Church, has been selected for the Bishop of the Episcopalians in the State of Missouri. When his nomination was laid before the Convention, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg brought certain charges against him affecting his moral character, and relating to his integrity, his temper, &c., when he was principal of an academy at Flushing, L. I. These charges Dr. Hawks himself replied to.

The Convention have likewise to act upon the resignation of Bishop Onderdonk of Pennsylvania, either by ratifying the proceedings of the Convention in his own diocese which accepted his resignation, or by trying him on certain charges, which his subordinate clergy brought against him.

Here certainly is a variety of business provided for the Convention, some of it very trying to hearts and tempers. May no cause or interest of sacred truth or virtue suffer from its results.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE A. U. A.

Geneva, Aug. 14, 1844.

Rev. Charles Briggs:

Dear Sir,—I have just returned from my south-western tour, and have materials for a long letter. To begin with the history of my journey. Brother Fuller came from Belvidere the 13th of July, and preached to my people in Geneva on Sunday, the 14th, with great acceptance, and on Monday, the 15th, we started together in the stage for Ottowa, where we arrived in the evening, and took steamboat for Peoria.

We arrived at Peoria late in the evening, and concluded not to leave the boat, but go directly to St. Louis. There we found that brother Eliot was absent on an Eastern visit. Mr. Gray had been there, but had gone to Quincy, and as I did not like to fail of seeing Mr. Gray, I concluded to go on to Quincy, and Mr. Fuller remained in St. Louis, and preached on Sunday.

I intended, after seeing Mr. Gray at Quincy, to go up to Warsaw, and preach on Sunday, but no steamboat passed in season, and I remained in Quincy, and listened to the voice of brother Gray. Mr. Gray waited until the arrival of Mr. Fuller, and we had a very agreeable, and, I trust, profitable conference together about the interests of our cause in the West.—Mr. Gray's visit has done more good than I could tell you of in a single letter. It has cheered the hearts of our people. It has removed prejudice from the minds of multitudes who have been attracted to hear *a minister from Boston*, and his labors have left an impression in Quincy, in Rockford, Belvidere and Geneva, in favor of our views, which many years will not efface. He left us in Quincy the next day after brother Fuller arrived, and we remained over the next Sabbath. I preached on Monday evening, brother Fuller on Wednesday evening, and I again on Friday evening, and we both preached on Sunday; had the communion of the Lord's supper, and in the evening a kind of social conference for each of us to say a few words of sympathy and exhortation at parting. I hope and believe our visit in Quincy was not in vain. It was certainly profitable to us. On Monday, the 29th, we went to Warsaw. I preached in the evening in the Whig Log Cabin, to a very good audience, and brother Fuller preached in the same place the next evening.

The disturbance with the Mormons has injured Warsaw, and retarded the progress of our cause there to a considerable degree. Our friends there had raised a subscription for building a church, and had obtained 600 or $700 on subscription, but the Mormon war has put an end to all further efforts of this kind, for this season, at least. We went from Warsaw to Burlington, intending to stop there over Sunday, but we could obtain no place to hold meetings. Some who had been most interested for our cause, had gone east, some were sick, and others were so deeply interested in politics and the election, which was to take place on the next Monday, that they felt no disposition to make any effort for a religious meeting, and we proceeded up the river. Brother F. stopped at Bloomington, and I went to Rock Island.—On Sunday, P. M. I preached in the court house at 2 o'clock, and at 5 o'clock, and distributed about half the tracts I had left.

Brother Fuller came up on Monday, and we proceeded to Galena. I succeeded in finding one family of Unitarians, (from Philadelphia, I believe,) who were very much pleased to see a minister of their faith. They had not heard or seen a Unitarian minister for several years, but had taken the Register, and thus kept up their sympathy with our faith, and some knowledge of what is going on among us. I left with them the remainder of my tracts, (not over a dozen) and hastened to be in Belvidere in season for my appointment there; and as Belvidere is now one of my regular preaching places for the present, I will call this the end of my tour, and tell you of the state of things in Belvidere.

I have before written that the war had commenced, and I can assure you that no means are left untried by the opposers of liberal christianity to secure the victory to themselves. Though there was at first a show of fairness, and a promise to present the Bible argument for the trinity, there has been little scruple in the use of intrigue, misrepresentation and denunciation, &c., and a very little attention to Bible argument. Our opponents have united their forces, not to oppose argument with argument, but to produce a superstitious *horror* and *dread* of Unitarianism. Such abominable misrepresentations and awful warnings, as would prejudice the ignorant, and terrify the weak minded, have been their principal weapons; and they have wielded them in a way to astonish almost any one. I never heard anything beginning to equal it. I will not attempt to describe it, or repeat the language used, but will give one or two instances of their mode of reasoning, and opposing our views.—After having attempted to prove from German and English writers that Unitarians do not believe in the inspiration and authority of the Bible, Prof. Whitman presented extracts from the sermon of Mr. Parker, at the Ordination of Mr. Shackford, as the sentiments of the Unitarian clergy in Boston, in 1840; said it was a common custom to set forth in discourses on such occasions, the sentiments of the denomination; that Dr. Pierce, and others who had part in the services, expressed no disapprobation of the sentiments of the sermon, and it might be considered as an expression of the views of the denomination at the time. He then quoted the most abominable passage of the discourse, and left the impression on the minds of his audience that no objection was ever made by the Unitarian denomination to these views; warned them, as they valued the salvation of their souls, to beware; told them he could not have died in peace without having exposed the awful tendencies of Unitarianism, and warned them against it, &c. &c. It seemed to be his object to excite such a horror and fear of Unitarianism, that none of his audience should ever venture to hear a word in its defence, and, with many, I doubt not it produced a very great effect.—Mr. Wright, the Presbyterian minister, has just given a lecture on the history of Unitarianism, in which he represented that it originated in the decline of true religion; that it had been propagated by *deception*, and *secrecy* and *concealment* of opinion; that it thus obtained the ascendancy in Cambridge; that, as it was now on the decline in Boston, and nearly dead there, an attempt was being made to revive it, and give it influence in the West, by establishing literary institutions, with the secret object of making them theological schools, for the spread of Unitarianism; that the *Academy in Belvidere* was to be the germ of a school of this kind; that '*it had been suffered to go on long enough*, and MUST BE PUT DOWN.'' The slanderous charge of dishonesty and concealment of opinions, which were brought against Dr. Ware and other eminent men of the denomination, were almost beyond christian endurance. Mr. Walworth is to reply to Mr. Wright next Sunday, P. M. We have endeavored, from the first, to descend to no unfairness, and to suffer no abuse to provoke us to an exhibition of an unkind, unchristian spirit and temper. If our cause cannot be sustained without a resort to such measures as are taken by our adversaries, I had rather it would be crushed for the time; believing that 'truth crushed to earth will rise again,' and that God will ultimately prosper the right.

I shall continue to visit Belvidere once in 4 weeks, until the controversy is at an end, or until some one comes to supply my place. It remains for the friends of liberal Christianity to say whether the Belvidere Academy shall '*be put down*,' or not. The reputation of the Academy is high and well established, and if it can stand the coming shock of opposition, and be continued eighteen months or two years, there is not much occasion to fear that it will not then and afterwards, sustain itself amply and triumphantly. Its friends here are numerous, and decided in their attachment to the school, and will do what they can; but there will be a united and strenuous effort on the part of the Baptists and Presbyterians to put it down. There may be an attempt to purchase back the Academy of Mr. Fuller, and he could, doubtless, make a tolerably fair pecuniary speculation by selling it. But this he will not do if he can possibly sustain himself. He told me he would sell it $300 cheaper to the Unitarians than to the 'Orthodox,' if he should be compelled to sell it. It is worth twice what he gave for it, for a meeting house, for which use it is now freely furnished us by Mr. Fuller.

The value of the institution, its influence in favor of our cause, the importance of the Academy, as a place of meeting, should all be considered by the friends of liberal Christianity, and I do think that some consideration should be given to Mr. Fuller's services as a missionary. His preaching in Geneva, St. Louis, Quincy, and Warsaw, has been an important service to our cause. *Now, if ever*, is the *time to act*. Something must be done, and *something adequate*, or our enemies will trample Unitarianism under their feet. If we are crushed, it shall not be because we did not let our friends know of the effort to crush us, and of our need of assistance. Having done this, and exerted ourselves to the utmost, if we are finally borne down, it will be with the conviction that we have done what we could.

If brother Walworth, Mr. Fuller and myself, had each 100 copies of 'Loraine's faith examined and charged,' 50 copies of the tract, 'Unitarianism no new doctrine,' 50 copies of the tract on the 'History of Unitarianism, by Lamson,' 50 copies of 'Whitman's Letters to Stuart,' 50 copies of 'Christian Layman,' we could soon put them where they would be doing good.

We distributed about 150 tracts, and preached the gospel by personal conversation with multitudes of individuals, who were travelling to different parts of the United States.

The Mississippi, with its branches affords the most glorious field for a ministry at large in its steamboats, that can be imagined. O, how often did I wish that some good stout man could travel continually in those boats, and converse with all classes, and distribute tracts. A good active man might distribute 5000 a year, where they would be read, and who can conceive the probable results of such a mission. I wish that we had such a man engaged in such a work.—I believe, if it were not for my family, I should court such a sphere of action more than any other I could find. I do hope it will not long remain unimproved. * * *

With much esteem, yours in Christian affection,

A. H. Conant.

Belvidere, Sept. 20, 1844.

Rev. Charles Briggs:

Dear Sir,—Want of time is my only apology for my long delay in writing to you. My time has been occupied in travelling the summer past. I have had regular appointments for Sabbath preaching in five places; and while at each of these I attend once in five weeks—I generally have besides three or four appointments during the week, as opportunity offers. It requires about 200 miles travel to go the round of my appointments. The season has been unusually wet, the roads excessively bad, the streams much swollen by the heavy rains, and many bridges carried away: but notwithstanding these obstacles, by swimming and wading and facing the storms, I have succeeded in meeting my engagements, with a single exception.

There are now six Churches under my pastoral care, containing more than three hundred members, most of whom have made a profession of religion within the last two years. Many of them are young persons, and many having but recently become acquainted with our principles, need instruction and aid, amidst the opposition, which in many instances they are called to encounter. These Churches are all located in places where it seems important to sustain the cause. They are in a healthy, united condition, and while exerting a growingly salutary influence in the places of their location, are receiving occasional and valuable additions.

Sometime in April last, an alliance, or rather a combination, was formed by the leaders of the Presbyterians, Baptists, and, in some instances, the Methodists (where they had a sufficient influence); and a simultaneous attack commenced on Unitarians and Unitarianism throughout this section. The reason was given that Unitarianism is getting such a hold in this country that it 'must be put down now, or perhaps it never could be done; that they would strip it of its garb, and show it in its true character.' Accordingly they commenced their attack upon Unitarianism and upon Mr. A. B. Fuller's Academy. Brother Conant, Brother Fuller and myself met in consultation, to decide upon the best means to sustain the cause under existing circumstances. As I was alone in this region, with such an interest awake, and so surrounded with opposition, it was thought best that Brother Conant should come and preach at Belvidere one fourth of the time; by which arrangement I could be enabled to go and preach to some other of the destitute Societies.

Brother Conant's preaching has been acceptable and successful here. The Presbyterians and Baptists commenced a course of lectures, ostensibly to warn the people against Unitarianism, and to show its heretical and dangerous tendencies. They brought 'many and grievous charges against poor Unitarianism. Old Harvard University, Doctor Ware, &c. &c. were shown off in most frightful colors, together with the imminent dangers, which were threatening the good people of the West, if they should suffer such awful heresies to take root among them; if they were suffered to spring up here, there was no telling where they would stop. Brother Conant replied to the Baptists in several discourses; and Brother Fuller met, and publicly exposed the attacks upon the Academy with a manly and Christian prudence, showing the character of that sectarian selfishness, which baptises itself with the name of Christianity, the more effectually to oppress and destroy a fellow Christian barely for a difference of opinion. His prudent and plain course has increased the number of his friends, and given him a strong hold upon the affections of the people. I endeavored to reply to the attacks from the Presbyterians. The result of the controversy has been the awakening a spirit of enquiry, and increasing the number of the friends of Liberal Christianity. The attack upon the School, and upon liberal principles generally, is now regarded, by most of the people, as opposition and persecution for opinions sake. The School is now doing well, and if it outlives the sectarian wars of '44, there need be no fears entertained for its future prosperity.

I have never seen more interest manifest among the people, to hear liberal preaching than at the present time; it is not the impulse of a momentary excitement, but a serious and abiding desire to hear and learn the truth.

As ever, yours, in Gospel bonds,

John Walworth.

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING AT LEXINGTON.

It was my privilege to be present last week at the semi-annual meeting of the Sunday School Teachers, connected with the Cambridge Ministerial Association. These teachers have united in a regularly organized Society for the purpose of encouraging each other in the work in which they are engaged. The Society embraces a large proportion, if not all, of the Sunday Schools connected with our denomination in the County of Middlesex, and of course embraces many individuals who have had a large experience in the work of the religious education of the young, and whose counsels cannot but impart a deep interest to the meetings of the Society.

On this occasion to which I refer, a report was made by the Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Mr. *Frost of Concord, detailing such facts as had been collected from the various Superintendents*, showing the present condition of their various charges, and the interest manifested by the pupils and the teachers in the Sunday School. The report was followed by an animated discussion upon the uses of Teacher's meetings, and the means by which they may be made promotive of the great object for which the Sunday School has been established.

This is a subject which has often created discussion and given rise to a great deal of vague and indefinite declamation; the weekly, or monthly, meetings of teachers have, in many instances, been felt to be productive of very little good, and they have separated, thinking within themselves, that it is almost useless to continue what produces so little substantial fruit. The difficulties attendant upon these meetings were acknowledged by all the speakers at Lexington, but at the same time the cause was pointed out, and the remedy so plainly set forth, that I think no teacher, who was present, will hereafter complain of the dulness of teachers' meetings, if he follows the counsel that was given, and feels in his own heart the responsibility that devolves upon him as a religious guide to the young. The remarks which were made by the Rev. Messrs. Stetson and Muzzey, and by Mr. Warren of Lowell, who is now the President of the Society, were particularly interesting; the Society is exceedingly fortunate in having secured so able a successor to their late President, the Hon. Mr. Hoar of Concord.

In the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Ware of West Cambridge, delivered a very instructive address upon the object to be aimed at by the Sunday School teacher. He very properly remarked upon the almost uselessness of that kind of instruction, which is generally embraced in Manuals prepared for Sunday Schools, consisting almost exclusively of historic details, and textual interpretation; while he gave to this kind of instruction all the importance it deserves, he contended that religion should be taught as a sentiment; that the cultivation of piety is the great object for which all teachers should strive. No one who has had much acquaintance with Sunday Schools will fail to acknowledge the necessity and importance of such counsel as this. However great may be the difficulties to be encountered by any one who would make this the chief object of his attention, difficulties which were candidly acknowledged by the speaker, and however much the aiming at this object may enhance the responsibilities of the office of instruction, the teacher who does not place it definitely before him, and make it his exclusive aim to cultivate a religious character in each one of his pupils, had better resign his charge to some one who has a clearer apprehension of the responsibilities which devolve upon the Sunday School teacher.

I think all who were present at this meeting at Lexington, must have felt, if they never did before the incumbent duty of cultivating piety in their own hearts; that they who would be instructors must be themselves instructed; that this light of Christian truth cannot be spread abroad by those who have it not in themselves; that the office of teacher is no sinecure, is not to be assumed thoughtlessly, and cannot be discharged without careful preparation.

I should do wrong to my own feelings were I to omit some notice of the beautiful collation which was prepared by the Ladies of Lexington on this occasion. Tables were spread in the hall recently occupied by the Normal School, arranged with great taste, and most bountiful supplied with provision: though a very large company was assembled, all were accomodated, and many baskets full of fragments might have been gathered when the repast was over. I have seldom attended an entertainment prepared with such good taste, and reflecting so much credit upon the kindness and liberality of the providers. Every one present seemed to be happy, and intent upon promoting the general happiness; and I think none regretted at the close of the day, that they had laid aside secular occupations for a few hours, to meet in council and social intercourse as teachers of the Sunday School.

J. A. B.

For the Register.

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE AND MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY, OR FREE AGENCY.

Many have been the attempts to reconcile these seemingly opposite attributes of God and man. I have thought, that, by a multiplicity of words the writers have done nothing more than to render 'confusion worse contounded.' The difficulty lies in endeavoring to bring the infinite mind of God—if I may be allowed the expression—to a level with the finite capacity of man. We may talk about the omniscience, the foreknowledge, the decrees, &c. of God, as we would about any thing else, that we cannot understand; but when we attempt to explain them, to bring them within our comprehension, to make them square with, and graduate them to the scale of our understanding, if we don't render the darkness that encircles them more visible we certainly shall not succeed in dissipating the mist, and throwing more light upon them. 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' 'Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?' 'His understanding is infinite.' 'Who hath known the mind of the Lord?'

I have frequently heard an explanation given in this manner, viz., that to obviate the objection of man's acting by *necessity*, God *permitted* him to perform such and such actions—did not actually *order*, *command*, or *decree* that he should do thus and so, but only *permitted* him, and therefore did not take away his accountability. Now I consider this mere equivocation, a subterfuge to escape a difficulty, which they could not remove.

The fact is, we know nothing more of these, than any other infinitudes. They are entirely beyond our reach. Can *finite* compare with *infinite*? 'Saith the Lord, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' Still, every body believes in the omniscience of the Deity, and all but the fool-hardy and wilful, in man's free agency; but every endeavor to reconcile them, according to our views of things, must prove abortive, and can but show the extreme of human folly. The past, present and future, are as clearly before him, as the sun which illumines the day, is before us; and his infinite wisdom, power and goodness require us to love, adore, and praise him in silence, without attempting to search out his infinite perfections. He has given us laws for the regulation of our lives and conduct, which we are capable of duly appreciating, and we *feel*, that we have the power of obeying or transgressing them. If we obey them, we *feel* the satisfaction of an approving conscience, and become the subjects of the divine favor; if we disobey them, we *feel* its upbraidings, and become liable to punishment or the divine displeasure. In this consciousness of our ability, therefore, to do right or wrong, consists our accountability, or free agency.

Such are my thoughts on this *vexed question*. If any can give an explanation more satisfactory to himself, it would be very acceptable to

A. H.

For the Register.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Messrs. Editors:—I desire to say a few words relative to our Sabbath Schools; and to urge upon Superintendents, Teachers, parents, and all interested in the moral and religious education of the young, the necessity of renewed effort, on their part, to bring under the influence of religious instruction a larger portion of the children and youth of this city.

Our Schools have been in operation a sufficient time to enable their friends and the public to judge of the influence which they have exerted upon those who have enjoyed their privileges.

All agree, that it has been of the most salutary kind. Those who have been most actively engaged in supporting and advancing these nurseries of virtue, have seen much to gladden their hearts, stimulate them to increased efforts, and cheer them in their labor of love. Nor are they the only ones whom their benevolent efforts have rendered happy. How many youth, who, for want of proper instruction, were fast sinking into sin, disgrace and misery, have been stopped in their downward course, restored from want, vice and degradation, by being brought to feel the genial influence of the Sabbath School. How many parents have seen their wayward children snatched from the brink of ruin by the timely assistance of this institution. How many a poor widowed mother's heart has beat quick with joy which none but a mother could feel, as she has seen her only son influenced by the kind words of some benevolent Teacher, exchange his wonted scenes of vice and dissipation on the Sabbath for the Church and the Sunday Shcool. With what feelings of gratitude does she receive that Teacher to her dwelling, as he comes during the week, to speak a friendly word of encouragement to her and her boy. She thanks God that a helping hand has been extended to save her child from ruin.

Our Schools have indeed, done much, yet there is much more for them to accomplish. They have restored many from the ways of sin and wickedness, still there are many more who need their immediate aid. How many boys are every Sabbath idling away their time about the streets, forming habits of profanity, dissipation and nearly every species of vice! What will be their end if they are permitted to continue this manner of spending the Sabbath? They are secure from no kind of vice. Their habits strengthen with their years. These habits will soon render them unfit for reputable business,—unworthy of confidence and trust. They are on the downward road to ruin. Unless they can be reclaimed soon, they will be lost forever. They are not yet beyond the reach of humanity. They are not entirely void of self respect. They will yet listen to kind and friendly words, spoken in the spirit of confidence and love. They may yet be inclined to join the Sabbath School—They may yet be made to feel the heavenly influence of divine truth. There are among them

those who possess naturally kind hearts, benevolent dispositions, and a high order of intellect, those, who if rightly educated may make the most useful and virtuous citizens, prove an honor to themselves and their country. They now stand on the dividing line which separates them from the Sunday School and the House of Correction or State Prison! Friends, Teachers, parents and guardians, to which shall they go? Let us all by immediate, prompt, vigorous action decide this question. Let each one of us make an effort to bring as many as possible of these youth to the Sabbath School, and I doubt not, that we shall meet with great success.

C. F. S.

OBITUARIES.

LUCY AMANDA SMITH.

Died, in Kennebunk, Me., on Monday evening, 14th., Miss Lucy Smith, aged 20 years, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Smith, Esq.

Something more is due to the memory of the deceased than the simple announcement that 'she died,'—for well and truthfully may it be engraven on her tomb-stone, as it is written on the hearts of all who knew her, 'she lived, so far as it is practicable for mortal to live, a life of stainless purity.' In her intercourse with society, in the discharge of her obligations as a child, in the performance of every duty which devolved upon her, there was a propriety of demeanor, a devotedness, a conscientious regard for the requirements of that law, to transgress which is sin, that rendered her character one of peculiar excellence and worthy of universal emulation. In early life, when buoyant with health, when beauty sat upon her countenance, when not a hope had been blighted, not a sorrow had cast its dark shadow across her pathway, and with *the full knowledge* that enough of *wealth* was at her disposal to warrant an indulgence in the gaieties and extravagances of the world, she knelt,—an unostentatious, an humble and a devoted disciple,—before the cross of Christ and made a public profession of religion,—a profession to the sincerity of which her whole subsequent conduct has been a seal and an attestation.

Suddenly has her cheek been dismantled of its bloom and the rich melody of her voice forever hushed. She has passed through the dark valley and entered upon the priceless inheritance of eternal life and happiness. The sod which covers her mortal remains will often be bedewed with the tears of affection and friendship, for the recollection of her virtues will not soon fade away.

The relatives and friends mourn not for her, but for themselves. They would that her days on her earth might have been prolonged; that the bitter anguish of her widowed mother, the deep sorrow of her brothers and sisters and the heartfelt grief of her acquaintances, might have been spared. But they know from whom cometh the grievous and inscrutable dispensation, and that *He* ruleth all things well; and, feeling this truth, they would desire, with trustful submissiveness, to adopt the language of the invocation:—'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

HON. WESTEL WILLOUGHBY, M. D.

It is seldom we have to record the death of one so useful and so distinguished in usefulness, in the community, and of so wide a sphere of action and influence in other days.

Though the event we deplore has not come upon us with that suddenness which crushes the heart, and spreads over society the pall of deepest gloom, making all to feel, that 'man at his best estate is altogether vanity,'—for the malady which has finally deprived us of this estimable citizen and good man, was of slow action,—gradually doing its work of ruin, since for years, the usefulness of Dr. Willoughby has been circumscribed within narrowing bounds, and hope for his recovered powers of mind and body was, for many months, almost totally eclipsed; yet we are never wholly prepared to receive the farewell to earth of one whose untiring services in the paths of kindness, generosity to every institution and measure that gave presage of utility to man, unwearied assiduity in his profession, whose faith in the ultimate triumphs of philanthropy, and whose uniform tenor of Christian [illegible], charity, liberty and love, were so exalted and consistent.

In early life Dr. Willoughby went to reside in Herkimer county, N. Y., in the town of Norway, and for upwards of forty years, had his residence in that part which was set off from Norway, as the town of Newport. Here he shared with the first inhabitants, the many privations of the wilderness. Devoted to his profession as a physician, few can adequately appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted in visiting the sick, over almost impassable roads, and through pathless woods, by night as well as day, in winter's storms and summer's heats. At an early period, and for many years, he served the town as a magistrate and town-clerk. He was repeatedly elected a member of the State legislature, and, during several years, was a Judge in the County Court of Common Pleas; his fellow-citizens chose him their representative in the Congress of the United States, and he served with honor to himself, and advantage to them. When the College of Physicians for the Western District went into operation, he was elected Professor of Obstetrics, and annually delivered a course of lectures in that department of medical science, for upwards of twenty-five years. The long duration of this term of service evinced the value of his lectures, and the very general satisfaction they afforded: and he was finally elected President of that highly useful institution of its day.

Thousands of medical students have been benefited by his studies and untiring labors to promote the extended knowledge and practice of the healing art. In all parts of our country, where they pursue their useful and honored vocation, the name of Prof. Willoughby is to them 'like precious ointment poured forth;' and their last interview with their venerated and beloved instructer they will recall with emotions of gratitude and delight!

In domestic life Dr. Willoughby was a dutiful son, affectionate brother, faithful husband, and ever trusted friend. In his repeated guardianships, his conduct was irreproachable, generous and satisfactory; as a neighbor, uniformly obliging; as a citizen, just, honest and liberal; while the power of Gospel charity reigned in his heart, 'None of us *liveth to himself*,' shone calmly over the pathway of his daily life. He never forgot the *square* of integrity as the test of conduct to all men, nor the *level* of human brotherhood, keeping his eye upon the *plumb* of righteousness. He firmly and fully believed that the eye of the Infinite and Unutterable was upon him, inspecting his heart, motive and conduct, noticing any aberration from the straight-lined path of duty and loyalty, and to whom he must render an account of his stewardship at the gates of eternity.

Those who knew the late Dr. Willoughby best, will be the last to feel that there is presumption in saying that the characteristics of the righteous man, as laid down in the Scriptures, apply meetly to him; 'the law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with Me in peace and equity; he, who sitteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of those who fear the Lord; who hath dispersed abroad, and given to the poor, and his righteousness remaineth forever,—his horn shall be exalted with honor. The liberal man deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand.'

Dr. Willoughby, for upwards of thirty years, was a professor of the religion of the Gospel of Christ. Eighteen years ago he united with the Unitarian Congregational Church in Trenton, Oneida county, and the even tenor of his Christian example has been beautiful in its serenity of faith, and peace, and love. The Lord's Supper was to him no symbol of party, but an expression only of the 'Light and Life,' which, in conjunction with the connate rite of water-baptism, so impressively manifest soul-redemption through absolute Religion as taught by Jesus, and designed merely as a commemorative act of his fidelity therein, even unto the death of the Cross.

He fellowshipped all who breathed the spirit of Christ, and delighted in the exceeding beauty and peace of His reign in the heart; he invaded no man's liberty political or religious; and nobly, in a truly catholic spirit, maintained his own; he had long desired his departure from earth; the interests of this world were gradually unclasped from his heart, and his hope was laid up in heaven!

On Thursday, the 3d inst., the conflict with disease and death terminated, and his soul passed into the unseen state of being; there, as we doubt not, to meet 'a smile of welcome' to the bliss of heaven. On the Sabbath following, his funeral was attended in the Brick Church in the village, by a very numerous assembly who thus testified their esteem and regard for the deceased, and their sympathy with the bereaved family. A discourse was preached by the Rev. Isaac B. Pierce of Trenton, from Job v. 26, 27. Rev. Messrs. Chassels and Wilson of Newport, took part in the services.

Dr. Willoughby was born in the town of Goshen, State of Connecticut, and was nearly LXXV years.

HENRY P. WILLIAMS.

We regret to learn the sudden and afflicting death of Mr. Henry P. Williams, son of Nathaniel F. Williams, Esq. Collector of the port of Baltimore, who departed this life at the residence of his father in Charles street, near Mulberry, on Wednesday, about noon. We knew Mr. Williams well, and always found him to be a gentleman of probity, honor and integrity, universally respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. His sudden demise will be long and deeply deplored; and possessed, as he was, by those high sensibilities which do honor to humanity, his estimable qualities will be long and pleasingly remembered. Mr W. was about 31 years of age; and up to the time of his death had conducted the mercantile business for his father. We offer our condolence to the family and relatives of the deceased on their sudden bereavement. [American Whig, Baltimore.

☞ The Ladies of the Unitarian Society in Taunton will hold a Sale of Fancy and Useful Articles, in aid of Missions, at Market Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 23d and 24th of October, 1844.—Doors open at 10 A. M.

There will be a Collation from twelve until two o'clock P. M. Admittance to the Hall twelve and a half cents. Tickets to the Collation twenty-five cents.

The managers will be happy to receive, from their friends in Boston and elsewhere, any contributions which their benevolence may prompt them to offer, in furtherance of the above object; and have therefore made arrangements with Messrs. William Thomas, & Co., 79 State street, Boston, to receive and forward any articles sent to them.

Should the weather be unfavorable, the sale, etc. will be postponed until the first fair day.

*** The Treasurer of the Massachusetts Bible Society acknowledges the receipt of Twenty Dollars through Rev. Wm. H. White, being the amount of a collection from the First Congregational Society in Littleton, Mass., of which he is Pastor.

*** Our friends, who do not keep a file of the Register, will confer a favor upon us by forwarding to us the last number (41) of Oct. 12.

Officers of Boston Dispensary, 1844. Managers, G. F. Thayer, (chairman); Isaac Winslow, Samuel May, N. L. Frothingham, Pliny Cutler, James H. Foster, Uriel Crocker, Eben'r. Chadwick, N. H. Emmons, Samuel Bradlee, Chas. Amosy, and William Gray, (secretary); George T. Bigelow, treasurer.

Consulting physicians, S. D. Townsend, J. Bigelow, treasurer.

Visiting physicians, John Spence, Jr., wards 1 and 3, 2 Baldwin place; E. D. G. Palmer, ward 2, 127 Hanover street; George Hayward Jr., wards 4, 5 and 6, 202 Tremont street; Samuel Cabot, Jr., ward 7, 17 Winter street; Le Baron Russell, ward 8, 1 Otis place; G. N. Thompson, ward 9, 286 Washington street; William H. Thayer, ward 10, 12 Essex street; C. E. Buckingham, ward 11, 713 Washington street; Andrew Alexander, ward 12, South Boston; P. M. Crane, East Boston.

The Colonizationists are likely to succeed in raising the means to effect the proposed purchase of certain portions of territory in Africa, between Cape Mount and Cape Palmas. The cost will be from $15,000 to $20,000. A gentleman of New York has proffered to be one of fifteen to raise the requisite sum in subscriptions of $1,000 each, and a gentleman of Pittsburg has given $1,000. The commerce of Liberia would be much improved by the consummation of this purchase, and it will have great influence in breaking up the slave trade, which is yet, notwithstanding all the efforts to suppress it, extensively carried on.

Death of Judge Colby. We learn that Hon. Simeon P. Colby died at his residence in Weare, on Thursday last. He attended Court at Amherst on Wednesday, and died of a disease of the heart, in two hours after reaching home. [Nashua Gazette.

We understand that Professor Stuart of Andover is seriously indisposed, and has been compelled for some time past to abandon literary pursuits altogether. [Haverhill Gazette.

WATER CURE.

Henry C. Wright in a letter to the editor of the Liberator dated Graefenburg, Silesia, May 23, says:—

"I have been here now over four months, taking the *water cure;* and, so far as inflammation and disease on my lungs and speaking organs are concerned, I am certainly conscious of a great change for the better. All danger of permanent disease seems entirely removed. I have passed through a tedious process here—a weary, though not very painful one. It is infinitely better than taking medicine. There are about 400 guests here now, come to take the cure, from fifteen different nations. We are a singular collection. Priessnitz is certainly a wonderful man—about 40 years old—a little over perhaps—a peasant, who probably never in all his life read a book on medical science. He has little or no book learning; but he has studied in that book which is written by the finger of God. He knows the economy of animal life, especially of *human* life. He rejects at once all the common ways of finding out diseases, and how to apply remedies. He never feels the pulse or looks at the tongue—never bleeds, never vomits, never purges—unless cold water and cold air produce these results. He judges by the appearance of the skin, and applies the remedy accordingly. He uses but one agent—i. e. water, variously applied, internally and externally, to produce all the results at which he aims; then constant living in the cold air, and breathing it pure and fresh, and exposing the surface of the body as much to the action of the cold air as decency and comfort will allow.

Every day here is witness to the entire cure of the most dreadful diseases of the skin, and of chronic diseases. As to fevers, colds, scarletina, measles, whooping cough, croup, dyspepsia, and like complaints, nothing is thought of them here—for all feel that a sure and certain remedy is at hand. One must be very unreasonable indeed, not to have confidence in a remedy which he sees daily to be so efficacious. There is no mystery in it. There can be no mystery in it. Each patient sees and watches the progress and effects of the cure in each and every other. Men of all professions, and of the highest order of intellect, are here and in the saloon—where about 200 guests meet three times a day at meals, and in walks. The symptoms of each are made known and talked over by the others, and the various modes of applying cold water are canvassed thoroughly, and the effects of each application thoroughly gone into. Priessnitz sits at the head of the table, at each meal, and there is consulted by the saloon guests. Our diet is simple, but abundant.

Priessnitz does not pretend that water is a universal specific—that it will cure all diseases. Since I have been here, several poor, miserable looking objects, all eaten up with disease and *mercury* have been sent away as incapable of being reached by cold water, or anything else; and it was like pronouncing their doom—for, after trying everything else, and completely exhausting the powers of life by taking poisons, and rendering them incapable of rallying again, they come here as a last resort. Priessnitz acts on the principle that *health is the law of life*, and *disease the exception;* and that when any morbid matter gets into the system, the only way is to assist the vital energies to throw it off, and that by means which shall not leave in the system an enemy to life more deadly than that which is cast out. He says *mineral* poisons of every kind are worse for the system, and far more difficult to get out of it, than any morbid matter that is expelled by them; but that the application of cold water, in various ways, to the surface of the whole body, and its internal application by drinking, and the free circulation of pure cold air around the body, and the out door exercise absolutely necessary as a part of the *cure*, strengthens the whole system, and throws out the disease, and leaves no enemy behind; and I believe he is right.

You would be amused to see people come here, half dead with dyspepsia and indigestion, and find themselves, after a few days, freed from all trouble, and amazed at themselves that it is so; but then they must stay here a long time, often a year or more, to get the tone and energies of the stomach perfectly restored.

If I had a family of small children, I would certainly get the means in my house to use the simplest forms of the water cure. In ordinary cases, any father, or mother, or nurse, might easily learn to apply the "cold bath," the "wet bandage," and the "sitting bath." Colds, fevers, croup, humors of various kinds—all the diseases that arise from colds—are perfectly easy to manage. No person need be afflicted long by a fever of any kind, if he can get at cold water, and the means to apply it. But I would caution any man to beware how he applies cold water in some ways, without knowledge. This water cure may be overdone; then woe to the overdoer! He had better be crucified by mercury.

The doctors procured the arrest and trial of Preissnitz by the Government of Austria. He was acquitted. Then they procured the appointment of a Committee by Government, to come and examine into his system. That committee also acquitted him. The charge of the doctors was that he used other means beside water—*medicines* of some kind; but the Government honorably acquitted him of the charge, and several members of the Government have been here with their families to be cured, and they have been cured.

I only wish somebody that understood the system—that had studied here for years under Priessnitz—could set up a water cure establishment among the White Hills of New Hampshire or the Green Mountains of Vermont. The length and severity of the winters there, so far from being a hindrance to the cure, would be the best argument in its favor—for it is in the clear, cold, frosty weather that the cure takes most effect.

Nearly *ten thousand* persons, of all manner of skin and chronic diseases, have been at Graefenberg, under Priesnitz, during the last few years, and out of them all I do not believe one could be found who does not possess the same horror of the mineral poisons.

Episcopal Convention—*Rev. Dr. Hawks.* The House of Deputies on Monday passed a resolution proposed by Rev. Mr. Cook, of Rhode Island, declaring that the integrity of Rev. Dr. Hawks has been sufficiently proved by his reply to the charges brought against him in the memorials presented to the house.

The vote was taken by dioceses, with the following result:—

	Clergy.	Laity.
Ayes	17	18
Nays	none.	none.

All those opposed to the resolution answered "excused."

The charges against Dr. Hawks, it will be remembered, asserted his extreme unsuitableness for the Episcopate, because it was necessary according to St. Paul, 'that a Bishop should be of good report;' whereas, Dr. Hawks was commonly reported to be a bankrupt, and to be of an ill-regulated temper, and to have a licentious tongue, and ready to apply the most abuseful and scandalous epithets to those who might offend him. It was asserted that Judge Strong of Flushing, had questioned his honesty, when speaking of his course in regard to St. Thomas's Hall. [N. Y. Jour. Com.

Disinterment. The remains of the Rev. John Callender, the author of the Rhode Island Century Sermon, and formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church in this place, who died in 1748, and also the remains of the Rev. Erasmus Kelley, formerly pastor of the same church, who died in 1784, were taken up and removed last week from the common burial place to the lot in Tanner-street, which contains the ashes of the celebrated Dr. John Clarke. It is intended to devote this lot in future, exclusively as a burial place for the pastors of the First Baptist Church. [Newport Mercury.

Great Fire at Springfield. A fire broke out in Springfield, Ms. on Sunday morning about 1 o'clock. It originated at the corner of Main and Sanford streets, in the shop of E. T. Ammidon, which communicated to the adjoining buildings, destroying property to the amount of $20,000 or $30,000. The loss falls very heavy on a worthy class of enterprising young merchants.

[From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.]

Life Boats and Preservation of Life. We are happy in recording another proof, in addition to those already published, of the value and efficacy of the Life Boat, and with it another example of brave and successful humanity.

The brig Tremont, of New York, Capt. Leeds, went on shore at Point Alderton, Hull, on Monday morning, Oct. 7, having been driven in by exceedingly tempestuous weather, and almost dashed to pieces. She grounded on the Bar, at low water; and the Captain and the crew, seven in number, expected nothing less than immediate destruction.

Mr. Moses B. Tower, of Hull, discovering their perilous situation, hastened to obtain assistance, and with the help of two men and of his own horses, succeeded in conveying the Life Boat from the house in which it is kept, to a suitable place for launching, being at the distance of a mile and a half. On his way he procured five other men, who, together with Mr. Tower and the first two launched the boat—and, rowing to the distance of somewhat more than a mile, at length reached the wreck.—They found the captain and the crew clinging to the quarter deck, where they had been for more than seven hours in extreme peril, and though greatly exhausted, they were all brought safely to shore.

Captain Leeds gratefully declares, that he owes his own life, and the lives of his crew, under the blessings of Divine Providence, to the exertions they generously made in their behalf. He has made a communication of the case to the Trustees of the Humane Society; and we are confident, that it will receive the consideration, which it so obviously merits.

This is the third instance in which this boat, stationed at Hull, has been the means of preserving life. The first was that of the crew of the Emeline, from which five men were saved; the second that of the Mohawk, when twelve were saved, and, thirdly, this of the Tremont, as just related. Had the Legislature of Massachusetts made provision only for this single boat, such results would alone have sufficiently attested the wisdom and humanity of the appropriation.

The names of the individuals, all of whom are inhabitants of Hull, who were thus happily instrumental in saving the lives of their fellow-creatures, are—

Moses B. Tower,	Albertus James,
John W. Tower,	Rienier James,
William James,	Winslow Largton,
Samuel James,	Frederick Mitchell,

Vermont Asylum for the Insane. By the eighth annual report, which is just published, the institution appears to be in a prosperous condition. The buildings have been enlarged this season, furnishing greater accommodations, and improving the means of classification.—Two hundred and thirty-two patients have enjoyed its advantages the past year, seventy-four have been discharged, and one hundred and fifty-eight now remain. Of those discharged, fifty-one have recovered. The terms are fixed at $2 per week, or $80 per year, if the patient remain so long in the institution. Patients from other States are received on the same terms as those from Vermont. [Asylum Journal.

British Guiana. We have been kindly favored with the following additional news from Guiana, relative to the late earthquake of August 30th:—"The afternoon of Thursday, August 29th, was distinguished by an uncommon deviation from the uniform easterly breeze. A strong westerly, or land wind, prevailed until about sunset. After dark a vehement tempest of thunder and lightning came on. Every other minute the horizon was one blaze of blue light of intense brilliancy. Calms succeeded, separated from each other by light, variable and warm gusts of wind. After the moon had risen, the squalid face of nature indicated a distempered condition. Had the brute creation been awake, it was just such a season as would have overwhelmed them with instinctive dread of some unknown calamity near at hand. In different parts the watch dogs howled mournfully; all were unable to enjoy their wonted repose during these hours of anticipated horror. About half past three o'clock in the morning the earthquake occurred.

The month of August, which had set in sickly, continued to exert an evil influence over the general health. For agricultural purposes, nevertheless, the weather was as favorable as could be wished. [United States Gazette.

Nauvoo. Gov. Ford encamped at Nauvoo on the night of the 28th September, with about 500 men, and on the next day marched to Warsaw; on Monday, 30th, the troops were disbanded. No arrests had been made. Most of the persons implicated in the murder of the Smiths had crossed over to the Missouri and Iowa side of the river. While the troops were encamped at Nauvoo, one of the Springfield Cadets, a Mr. Norris, was accidentally shot during a false alarm which he had given merely in jest to test the courage of the men, and, it is reported, died instantly. It was reported at Quincy that Sharp, the editor of the Signal, and Col. Williams, were prisoners in the hands of the governor.

Railroad from Portland to Montreal. The citizens of Colebrook, N. H., have had a meeting and resolved,

"that the natural formation of a succession of valleys along Moses river, Leach stream, Connecticut river, the Mohawk and Clear stream to the Androscoggin river, passing through Hereford in Canada, Canaan, Vt., Colebrook, Dixville and Errol, N. H., nearly in a direct line through the highlands on a route from Sherbrook to Portland, with but moderate elevations to overcome, affords facilities for a railroad communication from Montreal to the Atlantic which warrant the immediate prosecution of a survey."

A stove exploded. The Baltimore Sun says that on Friday morning last a small cast iron stove, in the store of Mr Thomas Humphreys, exploded with terrific violence. The stove was literally blown to atoms, and so great was the force of the explosion, that every window light in the store was broken, and a great portion of one side of the house was blown entirely out. Several persons were more or less injured, but none dangerously. The cause of the explosion is a mystery. There had been fire in the stove for three hours—a moment or two before the explosion, the boy had put in some chips from a neighboring wheelwright shop. Some suppose that he might have scraped up some powder with the chips, and thus occasioned the explosion, though we do not learn that there was any smell of powder perceivable. Altogether it is a strange affair.

Wool to England. On board the ship Patrick Henry, which sailed on the 6th inst. for Liverpool, were 100 bales of fine American Wool, which were selected in this country from our finest Saxony fleeces by a Scotch manufacturer. For some of it he paid as high 60 cents per lb. The quantity was about 20,000 lbs. [N. Y. Jour. Com.

Western Railroad. Receipts for week ending October 12:—

	1844.	1843.
Passengers,	$8,004	$6,749
Freight, &c.,	8,833	7,934
Total,	$16,837	$14,863

The Potato Crop. The Springfield Gazette says:—"So far as our information extends, the potato crop in this region, although considerably affected by the prevalent disease, is not wholly or even one third destroyed. The facts have been greatly exaggerated, and instead of having to pay a dollar a bushel for potatoes and "none at that," as has been apprehended, there is a prospect of an adequate supply, though at prices higher than in many former years."

Atheistical Witnesses. At a trial before the District Court in Bangor, last week, of a female for stealing—Mr. Kinsell, the complainant, was offered as a witness, but objection was made to his admissibility on the ground of his atheistical belief. To support the objection several witnesses were introduced, who testified to declaration made by Kinsell that he did not believe there was any God, and that the Bible was no better than an old almanac, &c. The Court after a full argument of the question, ruled that the witness was for this cause inadmissible. [Eastern Argus.

Mexican Claims. The Ohio Statesman, published at Columbus, states on the authority of a letter from Mr. Shannon, the American Minister at Mexico, dated Mexico, August 28th, that the instalment of $300,000 now due from that Government, will be paid within 10 days from the date of his letter.

As Columbus was the recent residence of Ex-Governor Shannon, the correctness of this information coming through that place, may be relied upon. [Philad. Gaz.

☞ Boston Lyceum. The Course of Lectures before this Institution will commence at the Odeon, on THURSDAY, Oct 17th, 1844.

The following gentlemen have consented to deliver Lectures during the season:

Hon D. D. Barnard, Albany, N. Y.
Hon William B. Reed, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev Dr Alex. H. Vinton, Boston.
Hon Robert Rantoul, Jr. "
Rev John O. Chowles, " two Lectures.
Thomas G. Cary, Esq. "
Edwin P. Whipple, Esq. "
Prof. Chas. D. Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklin Dexter, Esq., Boston.
Rev Theodore Parker, Roxbury, Mass.
Joseph M. Wightman, Esq., Boston.
(Two Lectures illustrated by a superb apparatus.)
Rev John Woart, Boston.
Hon Alexander H. Everett, Boston.
Hon Pliny Merrick, Worcester, Mass.
Rev Wm. H. Channing, New York.

The Introductory Lecture of the Course will be delivered on Thursday, Oct 17th, by the Hon D. D. Barnard, and will be accompanied on the same evening, by a Poem, by Nath'l. W. Coffin, Esq. of Boston.

☞ Exercises to commence punctually at 7½ o'clk.

☞ Tickets for the Course (price $2) admitting a gentleman and two ladies, may be obtained at the Bookstore of Wm. D. Ticknor & Co., 135 Washington st. GEORGE BANCROFT, Pres.
John C. Park, Cor. Sec'y. }
F. W. Lincoln, Jr., Rec. Sec'y. } o12

☞ Mr. J. B. GOUGH will speak on Temperance at the Church in Hollis street, on the next Sabbath, at the time of P. M. services. o19

☞ NOTICE. A Sermon will be delivered by Rev Mr Waterston, at Rev Mr Neal's Church in Hanover street, for the benefit of the Social Relief Society, on Sunday evening next, at half past 6 o'clock. o19

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. Its next meeting will be held at the Purchase Street Vestry, (Rev Mr Coolidge's,) on Monday Evening, 21st inst., at 7½ o'clock.

Question—'This do in remembrance of me.' Who were intended to be embraced in or included under this request or command; what was and is the end or purpose of the observance instituted by virtue of these words of the Savior; and is it certain that Sabbath School Teachers who are not communicants are unfit for their office?

ARTEMAS CARTER, Sec'y.
Boston, Oct 12, 1844.

☞ NOTICE. WORCESTER ASSOCIATION. The members of this Association will meet at Harvard on the 4th, (not the 3d) Tuesday in October, the 22d inst, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
o12 DAVID FOSDICK, Jr., Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Oct 9, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Mr Horace Jenkins to Miss Martha E. Colman.

On Monday evening, by Rev Mr Huntington, Wm H. Morse to Ann Maria, daughter of George H. Child.

13th inst, by Rev Mr Streeter, J. Shackford Kimball, Esq., to Mary E. daughter of John Stevens, MD.

On Tuesday evening, Mr Abner G. Adams to Miss Sarah Gould.

On Monday morning, by Rev Dr Lowell, Mr Francis D. Darling, firm of Harrod & Darling, of New Orleans, to Miss S. Caroline Choate of Boston.

9th inst, by Rev Mr Winslow, Mr Alpheus W. Burke of Natick, to Miss Fanny S. Bartlett.

In South Boston, 9th inst, Mr Freeman M. Josselyn Jr. of Pembroke, to Miss Elizabeth R. Jacobs of S.B.

In Charlestown, 15th inst, at the Episcopal Church, by Rev Mr Woart, Mr Samuel Porter of Sterling, to Miss Elizabeth Morris of C.

On Sunday evening, by Rev Mr Chapin, Mr Wm E. Johnson, formerly of Haverhill, to Miss Elizabeth Burr, both of Boston.

In Dedham, on Tuesday morning, by Rev Dr Lamson, Mr Robert Adams of Fall River, to Miss Lydia Ann Stow of D.

In West Newbury, by Rev Mr Edgell, Capt James B. Gregg of Medford, to Miss Mary B. Bailey of W. N.

In Roxbury, 12th inst, Mr J. Phillips George of Jamaica Plain, to Miss Caroline Bond of Derry, N. H.

In Dorchester, 6th inst, Mr Samuel H. Paine to Miss Susan Capen.

In Newbury, Mr Moses P. Bradstreet of Rowley, to Miss Susan Scott of N.

In Portsmouth, NH., Rev Ephraim W. Allen, Jr., of North Reading, to Miss Ann Emily Ham, daughter of Timothy Ham, Esq. of P.

DEATHS.

In this city, Stephen S. and Mary Ann, children of Mr Artmatus Moore, 4 yrs and 7 months, and 2 yrs and 7 months.

4th inst, Emily, eldest daughter of Thomas Appleton, 22.

13th inst, Mrs Elizabeth M. Barnes, 25.

On Saturday, Archibald Kirk, of New York city, 39, late seaman of the frigate U. S. His funeral was attended by most of his shipmates, together with a large concourse of the citizens.

13th inst, Mrs Bathia H., wife of Mr Aaron Fuller, 28, formerly of Farmington, Me.

15th inst, Mr Ezra Hudson, 77.

In Roxbury, 15th inst, Mary, relict of the late James Mears, 82.

In Dorchester, Lower Mills, 2d inst, Sophia R., wife of George Wadsworth, 23.

In Worcester, 11th inst, Miss Mary, daughter of the late Rev Dr A. Bancroft, 51.

In Bradford, Mr Jonathan Hale, 85, a pensioner of the revolution.

In Weymouth, Mr Eliza, wife of Naaman Torrey.

5th, Mr James Humphrey, 81.

In North Bridgewater, 10th inst, after an illness of nine months, Mr Isaac Willis, in the 63d year of his age.

In Marblehead, Elias H. Ramsdell, Esq, 30.

In Wenham, Mr Israel D. Barnes, 33.

In Hallowell, Me, 28th ult, Oliver Otis, Esq., a native of Scituate, Ms, 75.

SWAN'S PRIMARY SCHOOL READING BOOKS.

The Primary School Reader, Part 1.
The Primary School Reader, Part 2.
The Primary School Reader, Part 3.

THIS series of Books, completed a few months since, has already been introduced into the public schools of Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury, Springfield, Dorchester, Dedham, and many other towns.—The third part is used in the grammar schools of this city.

Also, just published, The Grammar School Reader, by William D. Swan, Principal of the Mayhew Grammar School, Boston.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee of Roxbury.]

"In School Committee, Sept 23, 1844, Ordered, that Swan's Grammar School Reader take the place of Worcester's Third Part in the public Schools in this town. Attest: Joshua Seaver, Sec'y."

Published and for sale by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington st. o19

SCHOOL AND TEXT BOOKS—Cheap. JAS. MUNROE & CO., Publishers and Booksellers, 134 Washington street, would ask the attention of Booksellers, Country Merchants, Teachers, School Committees and others to their large stock of Standard School Books and also of Greek and Latin Books for Academies and High Schools, supplies of which are kept constantly on hand; among them are

Goldsbury's Common School Grammar and Sequel.
Worcester's American Primary Spelling Book and Sequel.
Pictorial Natural History, 400 cuts.
Introduction to Geometry, with plates.
Crosby's Greek Course; Sale's Spanish Course.
PRIMERS, by Gallaudett, Worcester, Emerson, Bentley, and Wood.
SPELLING BOOKS, by Worcester, Webster, National Spelling Books, Emerson, Town, Gallaudett, Saunders, Hazen, Fowle, Leonard and Marshall.
READING BOOKS, by Saunders, Porter, Pierpont, Worcester, Abbott, Lovell, Hale and Goodrich.
HISTORIES, by Worcester, Olney, Goodrich, Hale, Pinnock, Goldsmith and Robinson.
GEOGRAPHIES, by Mitchell, Olney, Smith, Goodrich, Woodbridge, Malte Brun, Burritt and Worcester.
GRAMMARS, by Goldsbury, Smith, Murray, Kirkham, Frost, Green, Brown, Fisher and Fowle.
PHILOSOPHIES, by Comstock, Blake, Swift, Parker, Olmstead, Phelps, Jones, Bakewell, Smellie.
CHEMISTRIES, by Gray, Phelps, Turner, Eaton, Peck, Johnston and Grund.
GEOMETRIES, by Peirbe, Legendre and Grund.
ASTRONOMIES, by Wilkins, Herschell, Vose, Blake, Olmstead and Ryan.
ARITHMETICS, by Leonard, Emerson, Greenleaf, Colburn and Davies.
Sophocle's Greek Grammar and Exercises, Felton's Reader, Jacobs' Reader, Homer's Iliad.
DICTIONARIES, by Webster, Worcester and Walker, Leverett's Latin Lexicon, Donnegen and Graves' Greek Lexicons, Anthon's Classical Dictionary. All the Works on Botany, Mathematics, Bookkeeping, &c. &c.

All the various courses used in studying the Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages.

Always on hand, a large assortment of Miscellaneous Books, suitable for School, Village, Lyceum and Parish Libraries, which, together with the text books, will be sold as low as by any other house in the city.

Stationery, a large assortment. tf o19

NURSE WANTED. A middle aged woman is wanted in a family, three miles from the city, as a Nurse, and to do sewing. Good recommendations will be required.

Also, a Chambermaid. Address Box 1212, through the Post Office, with reference, &c., and immediate attention, with answer, will be given.

None but Americans need apply. tf o19

CHURCH MUSIC. The Boston Musical Education Society's Collection of Church Music. Edited by Dr. F. Baker, Director of the Music at the Rev Mr. Gannett's, and I. B. Woodbury, Organist and Director of the Music at the Odeon and Bromfield street Churches. Sixth edition.

This edition has been thoroughly revised by the Authors, and many new and classical composition have been added which warrant the publishers in saying that it is equal if not superior to any collection of Church Music, published in this country. Recommendations have been received from the most eminent professors and teachers of music throughout the United States speaking in the very highest terms in favor of this work, and the National Musical Convention of 1843 passed a resolution by a unanimous vote, recommending it to Choirs, Select Societies, and the family circle.

There are upwards of thirty different metres besides select pieces, such as Chants, Anthems, Choruses, Quartettes, Duets, Hymns, and the service for the Episcopal Church. With the exception of one or two pieces, the Music is original, which is presumed will meet the wishes of the musical public—not that new music is better than old, but it was thought that the old books might be used when old music was wanted.

The work is now introduced into most of the principal churches in Boston, and many throughout the country, and has been used for the last two years in some choirs, exclusively.

Choirs and individuals abyut purchasing new books, are respectfully invited to call and examine the work before purchasing.

Published and sold, wholesale and retail, by SAXTON, PEIRCE & CO., 133½ Washington st. o19

VALUABLE RELIGIOUS BOOKS. Dewey's Discourses; Channings Works, in 6 vols; Religious Consolation, edited by E. S. G.; The Divine Life, by Wm. Law, introductory notice by Rev J. Freeman Clarke; The Child in Heaven; The Future Life of the Good; Sacred Paths, or Life in Prospect of Immortality, &c. &c. Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. is3w o19

EMERSON'S ESSAYS, 2d Series. Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 2d series, this day published; for sale by W. CROSBY, 118 Washington street. o19

CROSBY'S INK, manufactured for the subscriber, by Smith & Crosby, Druggists. This article will be found to be equal, if not superior, to any other in the market, as no acid is used in the manufacture, nor does it contain any article that will corode or injure metallic pens. Sold by the gross, dozen or single bottle, by W. CROSBY, 118 Washington st. o19

THE PASTOR'S PRESENT, by Dr. Flint. A Present from a Pastor to his Young Parishioners, in Ten Discourses, urging upon them an early and earnest attention to Religion, by James Flint, D. D., 12mo; published by WM. CROSBY, 118 Washington st. o19

THE BIRTH DAY; A Sequel to the Well Spent Hour, by Mrs E. L. Follen, 18mo.

Sunday School Conversations on some of the interesting subjects recorded in the New Testament, by the author of James Talbot, The Factory Boy, &c. A few copies, balance of the edition, just received at CROSBY'S, 118 Washington st. o19

LETTER PAPER. $1,25 to $3,00 a Ream for Letter Paper, ruled and plain. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. is3w o19

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL WORK IN PRESS—History of the Revolt of the British Colonies of America, by George Chalmers. The first volume of Mr Chalmers's History of the Revolt of the British Colonies of America, was printed but never published, circumstances having induced the British Government to suppress it. The 2d volume, from which the reprint is being made, is in the original manuscript, as it was prepared for the press, but never published.—The work will be published in 2 vols, 8vo, on clear type and fine paper, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. o12

IRISH LECTURES—On Ireland, O'Connell and the Irish, by Rev Henry Giles, will shortly be published in 1 vol, 12mo, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington, opposite School st. o12

JORDAN, SWIFT & WILEY, Boston Agents for the London, Edinburgh, Foreign, and Westminster Reviews, at $3 each, or $5 for the four, have just received the latter for September, with numerous articles of ability and interest to the American reader. o12

WINTER CLASSES FOR LADIES. Mr. Adam, formerly of Harvard University, proposes to commence a series of classes in Boston for ladies who have completed the usual course of study in the higher schools. The branches of knowledge to which the attention of the classes will be directed, are English Literature, General History, and the Philosophy of the Mind.

The First Class on the structure, history, and literature of the English Language, will begin on Tuesday, the 22d inst, in an apartment of the Tremont Temple, and will continue two months. Meetings will be held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, in the forenoon, and at each meeting from two to three hours will be devoted to Lectures, Readings, and other Exercises.

The Second and Third Classes will commence respectively at the close of December and February next.

Applications for admission to any or all of the classes and for information respecting the course of instruction and terms

POETRY.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, Mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee;
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee,
Reef in thy foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

'What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right.'
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandize,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbor's near—
Lo, the red lights!

Slacken no sail yet,
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal—
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment—and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act—in the living present,
Heart within and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps—that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving—still pursuing:
Learn to labor and to wait.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD SUGAR-HOUSE PRISON.

The following interesting sketches and reminiscences of the old Sugar-House in Liberty street, used by the British in the Revolution as a prison for confining American prisoners, and in which the most painful and appalling sufferings were endured, have been published in a communication in the New World, from Grant Thorburn, otherwise known as Laurie Todd.

When ages shall have mingled with those who have gone before the flood, the spot on which stood this prison will be sought for with more than antiquarian interest. It was founded in 1769, and occupied as a sugar-refining manufactory till 1776, when Lord Howe converted it into a place of confinement for the American prisoners. At the conclusion of the war for Independence, the business of sugar-refining was resumed, and continued until 1839 or '40, when it was levelled to the ground to make way for a block of buildings wherein to stow Yankee rum and New Orleans molasses. Pity it ever was demolished.—With reasonable care it might have stood a thousand years, a monument to all generations of the pains, penalties, sufferings and deaths their fathers met in procuring the blessings they now inherit.—It stood on the southeast and adjoining the graveyard around the Middle Dutch Church, said church being now bounded by Liberty, Nassau, and Cedar streets. But, as it is said, this church is soon to become a post office. The leveling spirit of the day is rooting up and destroying every landmark and vestige of antiquity about the city, and it is probable that in the year 2021, there will not be found a man in New York who can point out the site whereon stood a prison, whose history is so feelingly connected with our Revolutionary traditions.

On the 18th of June, 1794, I came to reside in Liberty street, between Nassau street and Broadway, where I dwelt forty years. As the events recorded in this history had but recently transpired, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the men who had been actors in the scenes. Some of the anecdotes I heard from the lips of General Alexander Hamilton, General Morgan Lewis, Colonel Richard Varick, the venerable John Pintard, and other Revolutionary worthies, then in the prime of life, but now all numbered with the dead.

I'll within a few years past there stood, in Liberty street, a dark stone building, grown gray and rusty with age, with small, deep windows, exhibiting a dungeon-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes of former days, when the Revolution poured its desolating waves over the finest portion of our country. It was five stories high; and each story was divided into two dreary apartments, with ceilings so low, and the light from the windows so dim, that a stranger would readily take the place for a jail. On the stones in the walls, and on many of the bricks under the office windows, are still to be seen initials and ancient dates, as if done with a penknife or nail; this was the work of many of the American prisoners, who adopted this, among other means, to while away their weeks and years of long monotonous confinement. There is a strong jail-like door opening on Liberty street, and another on the south-east, descending into a dismal cellar, scarcely allowing the mid-day sun to peep through its window-gratings. When I first saw this building—some fifty years ago—there was a walk, nearly broad enough for a cart to travel, round it; but, of late years, a wing has been added to the north-west end, which shuts up this walk where, for many long days and nights, two British or Hessian soldiers walked their weary rounds, guarding the American prisoners. For thirty years after I settled in Liberty street, this house was often visited by one and another of those war-worn veterans—men of whom the present political worldlings are not worthy. I often heard them repeat the story of their sufferings and sorrows, but always with grateful acknowledgments to Him who guides the destinies of men as well as of nations.

One morning, when returning from the old Fly-market, at the foot of Maiden-Lane, I noticed two of those old soldiers in the sugar-house yard; they had only three legs between them—one having a wooden leg. I stopped a moment to listen to their conversation, and as they were slowly moving from the yard, said I to them:

"Gentlemen, do either of you remember this building?"

"Aye, indeed; I shall never forget it," replied he of one leg. "For twelve months, that dark hole," pointing to the cellar, "was my only home. And at that door I saw the corpse of my brother thrown into the dead-cart, among a heap of others, who died in the night previous of jail fever. While the fever was raging, we were let out, in companies of twenty, for half an hour at a time, to breathe the fresh air; and inside we were so crowded that we divided our number into squads of six each. No. one stood ten minutes as close to the window as they could crowd, to catch the cool air, and then stepped back, when No. two took their places; and so on. Seats we had none; and our beds were but straw, on the floor, with vermin intermixed. And there," continued he, pointing with his cane to a brick in the wall "is my kill-time work—"A. V. S., 1777," viz: Abraham Van Sickler—which I scratched with an old nail. When peace came, some learned the fate of their fathers and brothers from such initials."

My house being near by, I asked them to step in and take a bite. In answer to my inquiry as to how he lost his leg, he related the following circumstance:

"In 1777," said he, "I was quartered at Belleville, N. J., with a part of the army, under Col. Cortlandt. Gen. Howe had possession of New York, at the same time, and we every moment expected an attack from Henry Clinton. Delay made us less vigilant, and we were surprized, defeated, and many slain and made prisoners. We marched from Newark, crossing the Passaic and Hackensack rivers in boats. The road through the swamp was a "corduroy," that is, pine trees laid side by side."

In September, 1795, I traveled this road, and found it in the same condition.

"We were confined," he continued, "in this sugar-house, with hundreds who had entered before us. At that time, the brick meeting-house, the north Dutch church, the protestant church in Pine street, [where now stands the custom-house,] were used as jails for the prisoners; while the Scotch presbyterian church in Cedar street, [now a house of merchandize,] was occupied as an hospital for the Hessian soldiers, and the Middle Dutch church for a riding school for their cavalry. I well remember it was on a Sabbath morning—as if in contempt of Him whose house they were desecrating—that they first commenced their riding operations in said church. On that same day a vessel from England arrived, laden with powder, ball, and other munitions of war. She dropped anchor in the East River, opposite the foot of Maiden Lane. The weather was warm, and a thunder-storm came on in the afternoon. The ship was struck by a thunder-bolt from Heaven. Not a vestige of the crew, stores, or equipment was ever seen after that. The good Whigs and Americans, all over the country, said that the God of Battle had pointed that thunder-bolt.

"We were crowded to excess," continued the old veteran; "our provisions bad, scanty and unwholesome, and the fever raged like a pestilence. For many weeks, the dead-cart visited us every morning, into which from eight to twelve corpses were thrown, piled up like sticks of wood, with the same clothes they had worn for months, and in which they had died, and often before the body was cold. Thus, every day expecting death, I made up my mind to escape, or die in the attempt. The yard was surrounded by a close board fence nine feet high. I informed my friend here of my intention, and he readily agreed to follow my plan. The day previous we placed an old board, which stood in the yard, against the fence, as if by accident. Seeing the barrel was not removed the next day, we resolved to make the attempt that afternoon. The fence we intended to scale was on the side of the yard nearest to the East river; and our intentions were, if we succeeded in getting over, to make for the river, seize the first boat we could find, and push for Long Island.

"Two sentries walked around the building day and night, always meeting and passing each other at the ends of the prison. They were only about one minute out of sight, and during this minute we mounted the barrel and cleared the fence. I dropped upon a stone, and broke my leg, so that I lay still at the bottom of the fence outside. We were missed immediately, and pursued. They stopped a moment to examine my leg, and this saved my friend; for by the time they reached the water's edge, at the foot of Maiden Lane, he was stepping on shore at Brooklyn, and thus got clear. I was carried to my old quarters, and rather thrown than laid on the floor, under a shower of curses.

"Twenty-four hours elapsed ere I saw the Doctor. My leg, by this time, had become so much swollen that it could not be set. Mortification immediately commenced, and amputation soon followed. Thus, being disabled from serving either friend or foe, I was liberated, through the influence of a distant relative, a Royalist. And now I live as I can, on my pension, and with the help of my friends."

In 1812, Judge Schuyler, of Belleville showed me a musket ball which then lay imbedded in one of his inside widow-shutters, which was lodged there on that fatal night thirty-five years previous.

Among the many who visited this prison forty years ago, I one day observed a tall, thin, but respectable looking gentleman, on whose head was a cocked-hat—an article not entirely discarded in those days—and a few dozen snow-white hairs gathered behind and tied with a black ribbon. On his arm hung—not a badge, or a cane, nor a dagger; but a handsome young lady, who I learned from him was his daughter, whom he had brought two hundred miles to view the place of her father's sufferings. He walked erect, and had about him something of a military air. Being strangers, I asked them in; and before we parted, I heard

THE HISTORY OF THE PRISONER.

"When the Americans," he began, "had possession of Fort Washington, on the North river—it being the only post they held at that time on York Island—I belonged to a company of Light Infantry, stationed there on duty. The American army having retreated from New York, Sir William Howe determined to reduce that garrison to the subjection of the British if possible. Our detachment at that time was short of provisions, and as Gen. Washington was at Fort Lee, it was a difficult matter to supply ourselves from the distance without the hazard of interception from the enemy. There lived on the turnpike within a mile of our post, a Mr. J. B. This man kept a store well supplied with provisions and groceries, and contrived to keep himself neutral, selling to both parties; but he was strongly suspected of favoring the British, by giving them information, &c. Some of our officers resolved to satisfy themselves; and if they found their suspicions just, they thought it would be no harm to make a prize of his stores, especially as the troops were much in need of them. From prisoners, and clothes stripped from the slain, we had always a supply of British uniforms for officers and privates. Accordingly three of our officers put on the red coats, and walked to friend B's, where they soon found the color of their uniforms was a passport to his best affections, and to his best wines. As the glass went round his loyal ideas began to shoot forth in royal toasts and sentiments. Our officers being now sure of their man, I was one of a party who went with wagons, and every thing necessary to ease him of his stores.

"On the following evening, that matters might pass quietly, we put on the British uniforms. Arriving at the house, we informed Mr. B. that the army were in want of all his stores, but we had no time to make an inventory, being afraid we might be intercepted by the Americans; but he must make out his bill from memory, carry it to the Commissary at New York, and get his pay. The landlord looked rather serious at this wholesale mode of doing business, but, as the wagons were loading up, he found remonstrance would be in vain. In less than an hour his whole stock of eatables and drinkables were on the road to Fort Washington. By the direction we took he suspected the trick, and alarmed the outposts of the British army. In fifteen minutes we heard the sound of their horses' hoofs thundering along behind us; but they were too late, and we got in safe. He got his revenge however; for in three days thereafter our fortress was stormed, by Gen. Kniphausen on the north, General Matthews and Lord Cornwallis on the east, and Lords Percy and Sterling on the south. So fierce and successful was the attack, that twenty-seven hundred of us were taken prisoners, and numbers of them, with myself, marched to New York, and lodged in the Crown street [now Liberty st.] sugar-house.

"It is impossible," he continued, to "describe the horrors of that prison. It was like a healthy man being tied to a putrid carcass. I made several attempts to escape, but always failed, and at last began to yield to despair. I caught the jail fever, and was nigh unto death. At this time I became acquainted with a young man among the prisoners, the wretchedness of whose lot tended by comparison to alleviate my own. He was brave, intelligent and kind. Many a long and weary night he sat by the side of my bed of straw, consoling my sorrows, and beguiling the dreary hours with his interesting history. He was the only child of his wealthy and doting parents, and had received a liberal education; but despite of their cries and tears, he ran to the help of his country against the mighty. He had never heard from his parents since the day he left their roof. They lay near his heart, but there was *one* whose image was graven there as with the point of a diamond. He, too, had the fever in his turn; and I then, as much as in me lay, paid back to him my debt of gratitude. "My friend," he would say to me, "if you survive this deadly hole, promise me you will go to the town of H——. Tell my parents, and *Eliza*, I perished here a captive, breathing the most fervent prayers for their happiness." I tried to cheer him by hope, feeble as it was. "Tell me not," he would add, "of the hopes of reunion; there is only one world where the ties of affection will never break; and there, through the merits of Him, who was taken from prison into Judgment, for our sins, I hope to meet them"

"This crisis over, he began to revive, and in a few days was able to walk, by leaning on my arm. We were standing by one of the narrow windows, inhaling the fresh air, on a certain day, when we espied a young woman trying to gain admittance. After parleying for some time, and placing something in the hand of the sentinel, she was permitted to enter this dreary abode. She was like an angel among the dead. After gazing eagerly around for a moment, she flew to the arms of her recognized lover, pale and altered as he was. It was Eliza. The scene was affecting in the extreme. And while they wept, clasped in each other's arms, the prisoners within, and even the iron-hearted Hessian at the door, caught the infection. She told him she received his letter, and informed his parents of its contents; but not knowing how to return an answer with safety, she had travelled through perils by land and water, to see her Henry.

"This same Hessian sentinel had served us our rations for months past, and from long intimacy with the prisoners, was almost considered a friend. Eliza who made her home with a relative in the city, was daily admitted by the management of this kind-hearted man; and the small nourishing *notions* she brought in her pockets, together with the light of her countenance, which caused his to brighten whenever she appeared, wrought a cure as if by miracle. His parents arrived, but were not admitted inside. In a few days thereafter, however, by the help of an ounce or two of gold and the good feelings of our Hessian friend, a plan was concerted for meeting them His turn of duty was from twelve till two o'clock that night. The signal, which was to lock and unlock a certain door twice, being given, Henry and myself slipped out, and crept on our hands and knees along the back wall of the Middle Dutch Church, meeting the parents and Eliza by the Scotch Church in Cedar street. As quick as thought, we were on board a boat, with two men and four oars, on the North river. Henry pulled for love, I for life, and the men for a purse; so that in thirty minutes after leaving the Sugar-house we stood on Jersey shore.

"In less than a month, Eliza was rewarded for all her trials with the heart and hand of Henry. They now live not far from Elizabethtown, comfortable and happy, with a flock of olive-plants around their table. I spent a day and night at their house last week, recounting our past sorrows and present joys."

Thus the old man concluded; simply adding that he himself now enjoyed a full share of earthly blessings, with a grateful heart to the Giver of all good.

It is well to snatch from oblivion a spot so interesting in Revolutionary tradition as was the Sugar-house prison in Liberty street. Within fifty feet to the eastward of the Middle Dutch Church, is the spot on which stood this bastile, into which many entered, but from whence few returned The bell which now calls you to church, is the same by which those prisoners took their note of time. Many, very many, counted twelve as they lay on their bed of straw. It was the knell of their departing hour. Before the bell again tolled for one, they had gone to happier climes.

Since writing the above, the religious services in this church have come to a final close. The workmen are now engaged in fitting it up for a post-office. The walls will probably not be altered; and from their thickness, and the durable nature of the stone with which they are built, under the fostering care of the government the building may yet stand many centuries, as a land-mark wherein the English cavalry kept a riding-school, and within fifty feet of which once stood the Sugar-house prison, of Revolutionary memory.

HELP YOURSELF. A TALE.

On the banks of the Severn, about half a mile from Worcester, there stands in the midst of a green, sloping towards the river, a small but neat looking cottage. At the time to which the commencement of this little history refers, the spot was scarcely in a state of cultivation. No fences guarded the immediate approaches to the dwelling, and the grass grew wild and unweeded. Still the profusion of creepers which clung around the porch, and two circular patches of earth that had been dug up before it, showed that some little pains had been bestowed to give the neglected plot a civilized appearance.

One sunny morning during a recent autumn, an angler in a small boat stationed himself immediately opposite to the cottage, under pretence of fishing; but his eyes were more frequently fixed on the door of the humble dwelling than on his float. After some hours of anxious watching, he was rewarded with a sight of the object he had shown so much patience in endeavoring to see—a young and handsome girl came forth, and began collecting a number of flowers, and arranging them carefully in small bouquets. At the same moment, however, a good-sized salmon was nearly running away with the angler's tackle; and it was not till he felt the rod nearly tugged from his grasp, that he was conscious of his good fortune. His attention being thus divided between the fish and the lady, he lost both; for the salmon got clear off, and the girl retired into the cottage without the word of greeting he had intended to address to her.

'What a fool I am!' exclaimed the angler, 'to be wasting my time here, lying in wait for opportunities of seeing her, when there is nothing whatever to prevent my going boldly up to her door and paying a regular visit.' He then paused a while to supply a length of gut to his line. 'Why the fact is, I have not the courage and that is the truth of it. Besides, she is always so busy with her painting, and it is a sin to disturb her. Then, again, she is alone very likely; and I know she never asks one in when that is the case. However, if she does not come out again soon, I certainly *will* make bold to call at the cottage.'

While the angler was muttering these words to himself, a dialogue, of which he was the subject, was going on in the cottage-parlor. There were two girls seated at a small table, busily employed in copying on china the bouquets just gathered from the miniature garden; for Jane Lambton, who was the hostess, gained her livelihood by her skill in that humble department of art. Her companion was a neighboring clergyman's daughter, who occasionally visited her, and lent her a helping hand for amusement.

'Surely,' said Emilia Mason, 'that man in the boat must be young Thomas Polter, the attorney's son. I wonder what makes him choose this spot so often to fish in.'

'Perhaps,' replied Jane archly, 'you would rather he took his station now and then a little higher up the river, and a little nearer to a certain back-window of the parsonage.'

'Oh, Jane! how can you say such a thing? I am sure I never dreamed a wish of the sort.'

'Then I am sorry I put it into your head,' replied Jane laughing; 'for the mere suspicion of it makes you blush as red as this vermilion.'

Emilia Mason did in reality betray more emotion than the allusion warranted; and presently, when footsteps were heard approaching the cottage, she exclaimed, 'Bless me! I hope he is not coming to disturb us!' with an expression of fright and hope which was perfectly intelligible to her companion. Jane, however, betrayed an anxiety of another kind, and trusted the angler was not going to intrude on them. On looking out, however, she saw him still in his boat.

A moment after, the outer door was opened, and a young man hastened into the little parlor with eagerness and haste. He saluted Jane with much more cordiality than her friend; and his looks seemed to express disappointment that the former was alone.

'I have come, Jane,' he said, 'to tell you something of consequence which has happened to me.'

'Then perhaps I am in the way,' said Emilia, rising.

'Not at all, Miss Mason,' replied Jane Lambton; 'there is nothing Mr. Barnton can have to say which you may not hear.'

'But it concerns my own private affairs,' added the young man.

This was so strong a hint, that the young lady retired, and was shortly afterwards observed in close conversation with the fisherman, who had by this time landed.

The moment she left the cottage, Edward Barnton seized Jane's hand. He was much agitated, and exclaimed, 'Alas! all our hopes are disappointed. My uncle still refuses to do anything for me.'

The moment Jane could release her hand, she went on with her painting, with a degree of composure not at all in accordance with the excited state of her companion. He repeated what he had just said, adding, that Jane could not possibly understand the extent of his misfortune, or she would sympathize more warmly with him.

'On that point, Edward,' she replied, 'you know I cannot sympathise with you. You are always speaking of depending on your friends instead of on yourself.'

'Are they not bound to see me placed in a sphere of life to which I was born?'

'They have done all they can to do so already. They have given you a good education, and furnished you with opportunities for making your way in the world, yet you never use them.'

'Why should I?' he replied a little tartly, 'when my uncle, the county member, might get me a government situation by asking for it.' Here young Barnton paused. He again took Jane's hand, and after much hesitation, proposed to her that they should marry at once, for he was quite certain that when his relations saw the new responsibility he had undertaken, they would the more readily exert themselves in his favor.

Whatever feelings of grief and unhappiness this proposal inwardly caused Jane Lambton, she did not exhibit them, but merely withdrew her hand, and resumed her task. It cost her, however, a mighty effort to suppress her fast-rising tears. When she had sufficiently mastered them, she spoke. 'Edward,' she said, turning her eyes full towards her lover, 'you think me cold, unsympathising, unfeeling, because I have invariably opposed your impracticable schemes for the future. That which you have just proposed I must reject decisively, and not without some feeling of indignation. It gives me more pain than all your former plans, wild as they have appeared.'

'Wild only to you,' replied Edward, stung with disappointment, 'who are worldly-minded, and, I must add, selfish!'

This was too much from one deeply, though rationally in love. Jane burst into tears: but Barnton, foiled in his intentions, and smarting under the bitter disappointment his uncle had that morning inflicted on him, heeded not the anguish he now caused, except to augment it. And unhappily for both, it was in this mood that Barnton—impulsive, easily-excited young man as he was—left the cottage.

When it was perceived that he had departed, Miss Mason rejoined her friend, with Polter.—The sorrow which so fully betrayed itself in Jane's countenance took a widely different effect on the two visitors. Emilia was all sympathy and kindness, while Polter seemed perfectly bewildered and perplexed by it. 'So,' he thought, 'it is as they told me; Barnton is the lucky man after all, and I may pack up my tackle, row home, and never return to this spot again, for any chance I may have of making my way in Jane Lambton's regard. Poor girl! something has annoyed her. I'll ask her to accept a dish of the fish I have caught this morning.'

This intention was carried into effect on the appearance of old Mary, Jane's factotum and housekeeper; and Polter having gallantly offered to row Miss Mason up the river to the parsonage in his boat, left the lady he so much, but so vainly admired, to solitude, often the best balm for sorrow.

Had a stranger observed Jane Laubton when left to herself, he would have perhaps been inclined to agree with the harsh opinion of her lover—that her disposition was phlegmatic; for all external signs of grief had passed away, and she went on painting with increased rather than relaxed diligence. Yet her thoughts were more busy than her hands. She mentally retraced her past sad history, to justify herself—though unnecessarily—for her repeated refusals to participate in the head-long course proposed by the being whom she loved with enduring sincerity. The daughter of a gentleman who had been ruined by a dissipated and wicked brother, she was at the age of twenty, left—if we except the cottage and the small plot of ground which surrounded it—quite destitute. While her parents were alive, an attachment had sprung up between her and Edward Barnton, who was the son of a neighboring proprietor. At that time it was thought she would have a good fortune; yet when, on the demise of her parents, the contrary was discovered, Edward's affection for her seemed to increase, and this, perhaps, strengthened her already strong affection for him. Her disposition was one of high principle and unwearied industry; and, contrary to the advice of her neighbors, she persisted in taking shelter under the only roof to which she had a right, and in obtaining her livelihood by an art which, in happier hours, she practised as an accomplishment. A life of dependence was quite uncongenial to her nature, and happy would it have been if her lover had been imbued with the same spirit.

In Jane's strong mind, however, sorrow seldom dwelt long, and the next morning she had manifestly recovered her usual composure.—But her affection was doomed to receive a new and severe shock. She received a letter from Edward, in which his reproach of selfish coldness was not only repeated, but others added even more unkind and unfounded. He had heard, he said, of Polter's admiration of her, and doubted not that she thought him a better match than one with blasted and uncertain prospects. He bade her farewell. He was going to London, and would at last take the worldly advice she had so frequently given: he would endeavor to 'help himself,' by turning his attention and talents to literature.

'Bitter, unkind, and undeserved as this letter was, Jane softened its effects by framing every possible excuse for her lover. Disappointment, she argued, had soured him, and he would in cooler moments reflect on what he had written, and retract it. She was, however, glad that he had at last made up his mind to exert his own energies, instead of constantly dancing attendance on the patronage and interest of his friends, as he had unwisely done for several years.

On the other hand, a proper sense of her own worthiness came to her aid, to point out that it would be highly inexpedient to receive Barnton again on the same footing as formerly, even were he to repent of his unkindness, until some decided change had taken place not only in his sentiments, but in his circumstances. She therefore, in her reply to his letter, simply disclaimed the feelings he imputed to her, and congratulated him on his resolution of depending on himself more than he had hitherto done. She declined his visits in future—at all events for a time—and the letter concluded with these remarkable words:—'You who have known all my misfortunes, *must* know my heart better than to suppose me capable of disregarding you in the hour of our affliction and disappointment. I am not ashamed to own that my affection for you is unchanged; but a change is necessary in *your* sentiments ere we might hope for happiness, even under the most favorable circumstances. That change you are about, you say, to effect. Go! I know it will be for your good, and have made a resolve, in which I fervently intreat your concurrence: it is not to see or communicate with you for twelve months. At the end of that time we will meet, either to be united, or to part—forever!'

[To be continued.]

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